PEPPERELL SHEET

Published by and for the

Employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company

VOL. 11 JUNE 1927 NO. 2

Captain William E. Kepner, at left, pilot of one of the army balloons in the national race from Akron, Ohio, and Lieutenant W. O. Eareckson, who landed at the Moulen field on the Alfred road. They traveled about 675 miles and took third place in the contest.

PEPPERELL SHEET

Published Monthly by the Employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company.

BIDDEFORD, MAINE, DIVISION

WALTER WENTWORTH, Editor

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The Pepperell Sheet has as a definite aim the promotion of good will and better acquaintance in the great Pepperell family.

Habits and Other Things

It has been said that if you sow a habit, you reap a character; and that if you sow a character, you reap a destiny. A glance over the list of poor houses in the nation, a perusal of the history of the inmates—and you have a picture of men and women who are the victims of their own habits. On the brighter side, men like Edison with his industry and restraint are also victims of their habits.

The training which one gives one's self in self restraint and moderation, or the lack of it, works toward that final destiny of which each man is his own author. The poor houses and the prisons are filled with self-indulgent, slovenly men and women; great projects are blocked daily because of the lack of restraint in a leader; nations have fallen because of the extravagances of a Nero or a Louis.

The habit of thrift is one of the most valuable habits the human race can form. It involves not only restraint in money matters, but a subsequent moderation in other things. Definitely to put away a sum of money out of one's pay, systematically builds that character which shapes our destinies—the simple act of systematic saving teaches us system, will power and eventually provides us with the ultimate reward of such habits.

Another excellent habit to form—an essential one these days—is the insurance habit, by which a bread winner cares for his responsibilities. Last May, the Pepperell Mfg. Company arranged with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for the protection of its employees under a plan of group life and group health and accident insurance. It protects employees and their families at a wholesale cost and without physical examination. Because the insurance is purchased in such quantities and becase the Pepperell Mfg. Company pays a large part of the premium, employes enjoy insurance protection at rates at which they could not possibly purchase so much protection in the open market.

In return for the systematic deposits of the employees and the employer to the insurance plan, insurance protection is provided for the wives and families and dependents of our employees in case of the death of the insured. Some of our employees themselves have benefitted from the total and permanent disability clause of the life plan. In such cases they have received, or are receiving, the total amount of their life insurance in monthly installments. In case of sickness, the insured employee draws weekly benefits from the plan beginning with the eighth day of his illness.

Since the plan went into effect, $27,512.66 has been paid in claims to March 15, 1927, which means that $27,512.66 has been paid into the homes of insured employees of the Pepperell Mfg. Company by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

New employees are eligible for group insurance protection after they have been with the Company three months. When they become insured they should be reminded—and old employees should recall this—that for prompt payment of claims, health or life or disability, claim forms should be filled out immediately upon sickness, death or disability, okayed by the overseer and sent immediately to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The habit of insurance, we hope, will grow with our employees and that they will provide themselves with as much other insurance as they can afford.

A Safe and Sane "Fourth"

On the "Glorious Fourth" of July, which is only two weeks away, let us do everything possible to reduce the number of accidents that this day has a habit of calling to our attention. A little caution and a little common sense will go a long way towards making it not only a "glorious" day but also a happy one.

New Furnishings for Club Rooms

At President Amedee Hamel's suggestion the Social and Athletic Club has purchased three new desks and chairs to be used by the club officials. These furnishings were badly needed and will be much appreciated by the officers.

Basketball Girls Hold Outing

A group of the girls of last season's basketball team motored to Boston over the week end of May 20th for an outing.

The trip was made in the Pepperell service car and a jolly ride was followed by dinner and a theater party at the "Wilbur."

Sunday was spent in motoring to Halifax, Mass., where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hamel. A delicious luncheon was served by Mrs. Hamel. In the evening the party attended the performance at the Metropolitan Theater.

It was a very enjoyable occasion, and the girls were very grateful to Mr. Whitehead for the use of the service car for the journey.

Those who attended were Mrs. Elizabeth Eon, Miss Yvonne Simard, Miss Anna Rouillard, Miss Laura Guertin, Miss Beatrice Veilleux, Miss Germaine Couture, Miss Marion Boilard, Miss Hannah Farley and Miss Gladys Hamel.

Tree Removed

There were many expressions of regret at the necessary removal of one of the large elm trees that had shaded the counting room for many years. Decay had set in so badly that it was considered wise to take it down.

Much work was required in its removal and the huge stump and roots were hauled away with no little difficulty.

Are You Doing Your Part To Make This Mill Safe?

By DR. C. E. THOMPSON.

Many accidents are caused by the carelessness of the employee himself. Again and again we hear of a man who has been injured or killed because he took a chance. One takes the guard off his machine because he can work a little more easily that way. Another reaches under a moving belt for a bit of oiled waste. Another leaves a board on the floor with a rusty nail sticking up from it.

You have a DUTY to do your part in making the mill where you work safe—for yourself and for your fellows.

IT IS BETTER TO BE SAFE SORRY. DON'T TAKE A CHANCE THIS TIME.

Importance of First Aid Treatment

When an accident does happen, remember that **prompt first aid treatment** will often make all the difference in the world between a slight accident and a serious one. Even the slightest scratch may become infected and lead to the loss of a hand or an arm, or even death. The only way to be safe from this danger is to go at once to the company hospital.

Filth!

The worst kind of filth that can get around in a mill is SPIT. Careless spitting is one of the best ways of spreading disease. The workers in a mill should no more think of spitting on the floor than they would of spitting on some other worker's hand. If spit is put on the floor, a man may drop something in it and, in picking up the article, get the spit on his hands five minutes later.

What does your plant produce—cripples or contentment?

Rotary Club of Biddeford and Saco

June 9, 1927.

To the President,
Pepperell Social and Athletic Club,
Biddeford, Me.

Dear Sir:

It is with pleasure and sincerity that I express the thanks and appreciation of the Biddeford and Saco Rotary Club for the excellent lunch provide at our weekly meeting June 8, 1927.

We commend you for the fine spirit you are developing among the members of the Pepperell organization and wish you continued success.

If we can be of assistance to you in solving any of your problems, do not hesitate to call on us.

Rotarily,
Wm. F. Goodwin, President,
Biddeford and Saco Rotary Club.

Rotary Club of Biddeford and Saco
June 9, 1927.

Mr. Howard R. Whitehead, Agent,
Biddeford, Me.

Friend Howard:

I am enclosing a copy of our letter of appreciation to the Pepperell Social and Athletic Club.

I also want to thank you for myself and for the whole club for the trip through the plant. It certainly was a great revelation and education, for I heard several ask where the spindles were that they talk so much about.

You have rendered a service to the Rotary Club, to the Pepperell Manufacturing, and to the whole community, and I feel that we will all profit from it, because we can talk now with at least more intelligence of what we make in Biddeford and how it is made.

Rotarily,
Wm. F. Goodwin, President,
Biddeford and Saco Rotary Club.
"Billy."

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Boucher
Both of these young people are employed at Pepperell

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Josephs church Monday morning, May 30th, at 7.30 o'clock, when Miss Rose Anna Brochu of 15 Mason street became the bride of Louis Napoleon Boucher of 18 Sullivan street. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends and the impressive ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. Laflamme, the pastor, inside the sanctuary. Miss Brochu has been a devoted member of the Children of Mary sodality.

Here We Have a Happy Wedding Party

At the left is Jerome Chretien father of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Chretien seem to be very happy. The bride is attended by her father Edward Desmarais, who is a second hand in carding No. 173.

Miss Antoinette Lucienne Desmarais, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Desmarais of 30 George street, and Eugene R. Chretien of Brackett street, Westbrook, were married at St. Andres church at 8.30 o'clock Monday morning, May 30. This ceremony attracted a large gathering of relatives and friends of the couple, including a number of guests from Westbrook.

Social and Athletic Club Notes

By GLADYS HAMEL, Sec'y.

Notice

During the Summer season the Pepperell Social and Athletic Club will hold but one meeting a month. Schedule beginning with June.

Members will please bear in mind that the regular meetings will be held on the first Thursday of every month until further notice.

Business will be transacted in the usual manner to be followed by an entertainment of some kind.

Members will please make a special effort to attend these meetings during the Summer. The entertainment provided will be worth while.

Dance

The Girls Basketball Dance which was held in the Pepperell Club Rooms Friday, May 13, was a great success.

The decorations of pink were beautiful and the orchestra, which was seated in the center of the hall, made a big hit with the dancers and was also a treat.

The dance lasted until nearly midnight with the orchestra's "Home Sweet Home."

To many of the younger folks this was one of the best dances of the season.

Card of Thanks

Taking this opportunity to thank Agent H. R. Whitehead for the use of the Pepperell Service car in making the trip to Boston.

New Nursing Service

Pepperell folks will gladly welcome Miss Doris Treworgy, R. N., the new Pepperell Visiting Nurse.

Miss Treworgy will have an office near the First Aid room and will be ready for calls between 8.30 and 9.00 A. M. and 4.00 and 5.00 P. M. Appointments may be made in advance and the service and consultations are open to all employed at Pepperell.

The object of this new nursing service is to provide a closer touch between the city visiting nurse and the many employees of the mill. Health problems may be discussed freely with the nurse.

This will doubtless prove a very valuable addition to our efficiently managed First Aid room which is in charge of Nurse Martha Curley.

Wedding Bells Ring

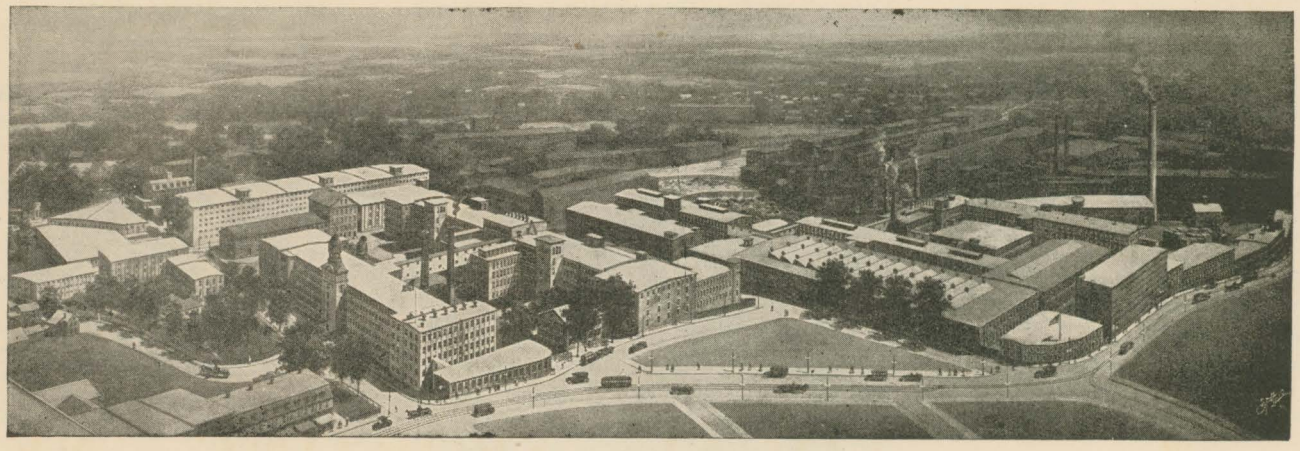
The wedding of Miss Alexandrine Nicols, who works in room 54-B, and Arthur Lavigne, which took place at St. Andres church, was a very pretty affair and was attended by many employes of the different rooms. After the services at the church an elaborate breakfast was served at the bride's home

A large number attended the wedding at St. Marys church, of Miss Nellie Cantara, for many years a popular and efficient bookkeeper in room 55-B, to William Fearon, a prominent young man of Detroit, and employed by the Standard Oil Company as salesman

The wedding of Joseph Doherty, second-hand in 55-A spooling, and Miss Annette Martin, for many years a well liked employe of the Pepperell, which was solemnized at St. Andre's, was another pretty May event

Mrs. Eugene Chretien

THE ROMANCE OF PEPPERELL



THE PEPPERELL MILLS, BIDDEFORD, MAINE

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HOW A GREAT INDUSTRY DEVELOPED AT BIDDEFORD TOGETHER WITH ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING HOW PEPPERELL WIDE SHEETINGS AND PILLOW TUBINGS ARE MADE.

(Continued from May)

"I was greatly chagrined at the news of my daughter's changing her mind and dismissing your son after the visit you mention, which I was apprised of by her, and concluded that the affair would have had the issue I had long expected and desired, and that the ship which brought the unwelcome news of a separation, would have given me the most agreeable advice of its consummation; but I find she was jealous that Mr. Pepperrell had not the love and friendship for her that was necessary to make her happy. This I understand from her letter to me, and that the last promise made when your son was in Boston was disregarded by him in not returning at the period he had fixed. This disappointment to a close union with your family, which above all things I desired, had given me great uneasiness, and the addition thereto will be greater if I should find the fault lie on my daughter; but be that as it may, I should be very sorry to have it break friendship between us, or any of the several branches of our families;—those of yours I assure you I wish as well as to my own, and I shall, if ever in my power, convince them of it.

"S. W."

Sir William's Bereavement.

This unfortunate ending to the proposed marriage of his son was a great disappointment to Sir William, but an even greater sorrow was to come to him, for that idolized son in whom all his hopes and ambitions were centered was to be taken from him. On the twentieth of February, 1751, Andrew attended a social gathering held in Portsmouth—one of the gayest of the merry group of young people. He returned home late that night, and the next day developed a fever brought on by the exposure to the cold while crossing the Piscataqua. This soon developed into typhoid. The best medical aid was summoned, but the young man grew steadily worse. The father, who was a man of strong religious principles and a firm believer in prayer, besought the clergy in neighboring parishes to join with him and his family in praying for the son's recovery, and the following pathetic appeal was sent by Sir William and his wife by special messenger to the ministers in Boston:

"Dear Christian Friends:—

"The great and holy, just and good God is come out against us in his holy anger. O, may it be fatherly anger! He is bringing our sins to remembrance, and seems to be slaying our only son. O pray! pray! pray! for us, that the Lord would keep us from dishonoring his great name in our distress and anguish of soul; that He would support us under, and carry us through, what he shall, in his sovereign pleasure, bring upon us, and if it be his blessed will, that our child may yet be spared to us, and sanctified and made a blessing. Pity us, O our friends, and cry mightily to God for us!

"We are your distressed friends,

"William Pepperrell.

"Mary Pepperrell.

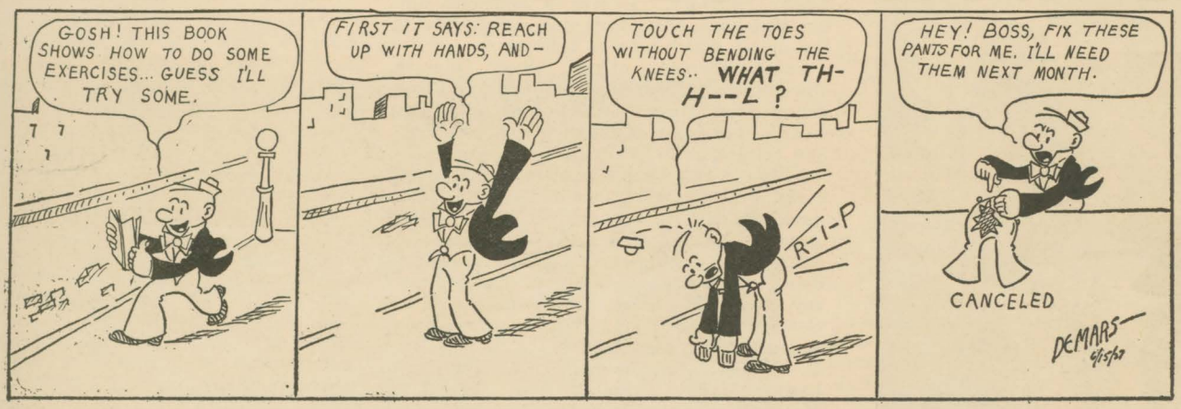
"P. S. Dear cousin Gerrish, let our case be known to Christian friends along the road, and carry this letter as soon as you get to town, to each one of the ministers to whom it is addressed."

Through the long night hours the grief-stricken parents watched over their son, but Divine Providence had not willed that he should be spared, and on March first, ten days after he became ill, Andrew was taken from them, in the twenty-sixth year of his life. It was a severe blow to the parents, and one which almost staggered the heart-broken father. Fame and prosperity had been his. From the uneducated son of a poor fisherman, he had risen to a position of wealth and importance in the colony. His commanding of the untrained Colonial forces in the siege against Louisburg and the almost miraculous success of the expedition, had made his name famous on both sides of the Atlantic, and England had bestowed upon him many honors. In his splendid mansion, which was the gathering place for prominent and distinguished visitors, were hung costly paintings and mirrors. His sideboards were loaded with silver and his cellars filled with choice wines. Beautiful deer roamed in his park. But all of these he counted as nothing in comparison to the son of whose future he had dreamed since Andrew was a tiny babe. Now his fondest hopes were blasted, and the object of his greatest ambition was gone forever!

He felt that his own life was drawing to a close yet he did not retire from public activities, but continued to serve wherever he was needed up to the time of his death. He rendered much valuable assistance in conducting important negotiations with the Indians of Maine at various times. In 1754 he received orders to raise a regiment of foot for service in the royal army, and while in New York on military business the following year he was commissioned a major-general in the British regular army. He did not serve in the field at that time, owing to jealousy on the part of Governor Shirley, but he took an active part in raising troops for the war which England was then waging with the French, and was given command of the forces which guarded the frontiers of Maine and New Hampshire. On the sixth of July, 1759, just as victory was about to crown the efforts of the British forces. Death summoned the old veteran from the field of action, and, laying aside his earthly cares, he went forth to join the beloved son whom he had lost eight years before. On the day when the "mighty man of Kittery" was laid to rest, drooping flags hung at half mast on both sides of the Piscataqua, while from the neighboring churches came the sound of tolling bells, mingled with the salutes of the minute guns from the batteries, and the mournful rumbling of muffled drums.

Over one hundred and sixty years have passed since the death of Sir William, but the name of the old baronet still lingers in the valley of the Saco, as well as in other beauty spots of New England. The service which he rendered his country in her hour of need entitles him to an honored place in the pages of her history. Yet it is not only as a great military leader that Sir William is remembered. He lived at a time when men of ability were called upon to play many and varied parts, and he gave whole-heartedly of his splendid talents wherever they were needed. It is said that the one controlling purpose of his life was duty. As Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for Maine, he had an important part in the legal affairs of the colony. In a period when the majority of the colonists were chiefly concerned with their struggle for existence, Sir William stood for the higher things of life. His home was a center of culture and refinement, and he himself became a patron of letters, and the

Israel Morin of Gloth Room 31 Has a Little Workout By E. Demars


GOSH! THIS BOOK SHOWS HOW TO DO SOME EXERCISES... GUESS I'LL TRY SOME.
FIRST IT SAYS: REACH UP WITH HANDS, AND-
TOUCH THE TOES WITHOUT BENDING THE KNEES.. WHAT TH-H--L ?
R-I-P
HEY! BOSS, FIX THESE PANTS FOR ME. I'LL NEED THEM NEXT MONTH.
CANCELED
DEMARS

benefactor of American institutions of learning. He was also a successful business man and colonizer. No other American, with the exception of certain royal patentees, possessed such vast estates as those belonging to the Pepperrell family. With that remarkable energy and power which were so characteristic of him, he succeeded in subduing the wilderness, and in transforming the great trees of the forest into ships, by means of which commercial relations were established between America and other parts of the world. In spite of his marked success in these various lines, it is said that prosperity never made him arrogant, or marred the simplicity of his nature.

It is singularly fitting that the great cotton mills on the banks of the Saco River at Biddeford, Maine, should bear the name of this man who, over two hundred years ago, saw the untold possibilities of this section, and, with his father, bought tracts of land along the banks of the river, including the present site of the Pepperell Mills.

At one time Sir William claimed that he could travel from Kittery, Maine, to Saco, a distance of about thirty miles, and not leave his own property. In 1716 he purchased a large part of the present township of Saco, extending from the sea several miles along the Saco River. The land was bought from Samuel Walker and Rebecca Goodwin, successors of Benjamin Blackman, who had purchased it from the original proprietors, Gibbons and Bonython. Saco and Biddeford, lying on opposite sides of the river, were originally one town. In 1762, shortly after Sir William's death, they were separated and the part lying on the east side of the river was called Pepperrellboro, in honor of the baronet. This name was retained until 1805. when the old name of Saco was substituted.

(Continued im Junly

Elizabeth Eon Entertains

Mrs. Elizabeth Eon of the office force entertained a party of friends at her home recently.

A very enjoyable evening of entertainment was followed by refreshments served by Mrs. Eon. Those present were the Misses Beatrice Veilleux, Yvonne Simard, Laura Guertin, Gladys Hamel, Emma Huot, Anna Rouillard, Irene Gaudette, Marion Boilard, and the hostess, Mrs. Elizabeth Eon.

LOCAL SPORTING NEWS

KERWIN TWOMEY.

SACO VALLEY LEAGUE

The first home game of the Pepperell baseball team in the Saco Valley League will be held Saturday afternoon, June 18, and if the weather man will only be half decent and give us good weather a great opening will result. Kezar Falls will be the opponents of Pepperell and they are a crackerjack of a combination of ball players, including several college boys. The Pepperell band will be on hand to make the opening an auspicious one, while Mayor George C. Precourt who, while a student at Thornton academy and Bowdoin college, showed his stuff as a ball player, will pitch the first ball, with Agent Howard R. Whitehead on the receiving end.

Then there is a possibility that the tug of war team of the Biddeford police department will accept the challenge of the Pepperell tug of war team in a match preceding the game, for a prize of $25. We hope so and help make it a grand big opening.

With the programme arranged the members of the big Pepperell family should forget all other engagements on the afternoon of Saturday, June 18, and be on hand at Prospect park and incidentally bring their friends in large numbers to make it a howling success. Don't forget Saturday, June 18, in the afternoon.

The Pepperell games arranged in the Saco Valley League are as follows:

June 18—Kezar Falls at Biddeford.
June 25—Biddeford at Limerick.
July 2—Bar Mills at Biddeford.
July 4—Sanford at Biddeford; Biddeford at Sanford.
July 9—Steep Falls at Biddeford.
July 16—Biddeford at Kezar Falls.
July 23—Limerick at Biddeford.
July 30—Biddeford at Bar Mills.
August 6—Biddeford at Steep Falls.
August 13—Kezar Falls at Biddeford.
August 20—Biddeford at Limerick.
August 27—Bar Mills at Biddeford.
September 3—Steep Falls at Biddeford.
September 5—Sanford at Biddeford; Biddeford at Sanford.

BASEBALL IS ON

The good news is broadcasted that the Pepperell baseball team is ready to give the supporters of the great National game some real sport this summer and judging from their opening game with Bar Mills at Bar Mills, Saturday, June 4, they are a sweet combination. Pepperell lost to Bar Mills but it was some battle, with Joe Vachon featuring in the box and holding the hard-hitting Bar Mills aggregation to two hits. Joe was in great form and it was a caution to see him put 'em over the plate and fool the Bar Mills boys with his combination of curves. He struck out 13 of the Bar Mills boys which is going some. In Vachon Pepperell has a real twirler who will do much this summer to put the team up to the top and cinch the pennant in the Saco Valley league.

Captain James Hickey, and he is the right man in the right place, Cote and Binette were each credited with hits off Coughlin, who also twirled a great game.

The game was one of the fastest ever played in Bar Mills, as well as the closest. It required hardly more than an hour to play the nine innings.

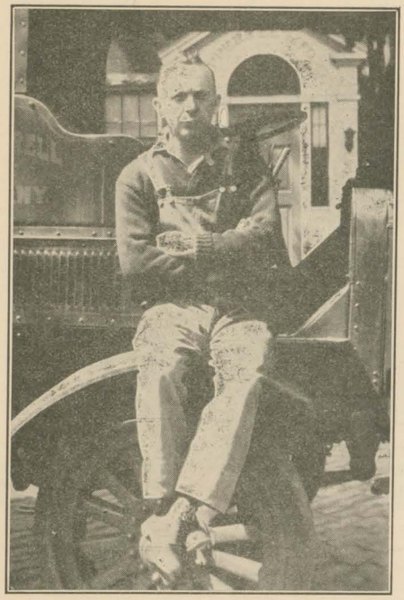
The summary:

BAR MILLS.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Glidden, ss	4	0	0	1	5	0
Kenney, lf	2	1	1	2	0	0
O. Aube, 2b	4	0	1	8	1	1
Burrowes, 1b	4	0	0	7	0	0
Smith, 3b	4	0	0	0	2	0
H. Aube, rf	3	0	1	0	0	1
Hall, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Daviden, c	2	0	0	7	1	0
Coughlin, p	3	0	0	1	3	0
Total	29	1	3	27	12	2

BIDDEFORD.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Kelley, 3b	4	0	0	0	0	0
Cote, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Simard, cf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Hickey, 1b	4	0	1	9	0	0
Driscoll, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Vachon, p	3	0	0	0	2	0
Marchand, 2b	3	0	0	0	2	1
Baillargeon, ss	3	0	0	0	3	0
Binette, c	3	0	1	13	0	1
Total	32	0	2	24	7	3



Harry McKenzie is one of the drivers of the big Pepperell trucks.

Bar Mills ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1
Biddeford ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Two-base hits, Kenney, H. Aube; base on balls, off Coughlin 1; off Vachon 3; struck out by Coughlin 7, by Vachon 13; passed balls, Binette 1; time, 1.45; umpire, Twomey.

BASEBALL NOTES

Baseball is now on the programme and if we can have some more games like the opener at Bar Mills the fans can figure themselves set to see some great exhibitions. It was a great game.

The Pepperell boys are showing up great in practice.

With Hubert ready to take his turn in the box and with a reserve pitcher along with Joe Vachon, Pepperell will be well set in the twirling department. Vachon has proved his worth in the box, while Hubert is just waiting to step in and do his part.

Albert Hamel is to join the team and with him at shortstop Pepperell is well fortified in this position.

The fans don't want to forget Saturday afternoon, June 18.

ENJOYED HOSPITALITY

It was a happy crowd of young men and women that returned to Lowell, Mass., on the evening of Wednesday, May 18, after being the guests of the Pepperell Social and Athletic club at their spacious hall, and incidentally interesting games of bowling at the Pastime alleys. The young men and women are employes of the Lowell plant of the Pepperell and they proved to be a jolly, well met crowd, and enjoyed every minute, they said, while in Biddeford. An elaborate programme was arranged for them by the Pepperell Social and Athletic club, who left nothing undone for the pleasure of their guests.

The Lowell people arrived by bus and were met by the Pepperell Social Committee, who started right in to make the Massachusetts guests feel at home. They were taken through the mills on an inspection tour, and at 5 o'clock a bountiful banquet was served at the club hall by Edgar Fournier. It was a delicious dinner and each and every one did justice to the menu, which was as follows:

Fruit sherbet, olives, sweet pickles, chicken a la Maryland, creamed potatoes, green peas, fresh tomato and cucumber salad, old-fashioned strawberry shortcake and coffee.

Those in attendance at the banquet were: Mary E. Joyce, Frances R. Matusik, Margaret M. Higgs, Joseph W. Guiney, Miss Rose St. John, Miss Annie Kelly, Miss Betty Kelly, August Silva, Mrs. Iva Caldeira, Ernest Labourdais, Richard Dempsey, Edna MacLean, Eli Beaupre, Edith Cowburn, Orrin H. Webster, Frederick Eldridge and Joseph Neal of Lowell, and C. E. Keene, G. Keene, C. L. Benjamin, Legat Hodga, Pauline C. Tremblay, Yvonne LaPointe, Juliette Ste. Marie, Rose Eva Perreault, Emile LeBlonde, Fabiola Ledoux, Thomas Travers, Amedee Hamel, Archie King and Edward H. Moll of this city. M. Harry Whelan presided as master of ceremonies.

The local girls' team, which was picked up to accommodate the Lowell girls, a team which has been together all winter, made a good showing for their first match. The Lowell girls had some good bowlers and were easily able to take the match.

The Lady Pepperell team had things easier with the team from Lowell, winning by 94 pins in an interesting match. The local team took the lead in the first string and was able to hold the margin through the match.

COMING BOXING MATCHES

The Pepperell Social and Athletic Club through Tom Travers is planning on some big boxing bouts at Prospect park this summer. The management is endeavoring to get the best possible and has some swell boxers in line.

At the head of all is Pierre Gandon, the French champion, and Homer Robertson, the colored boy from Boston, both of whom have met at the Pepperell club hall and put up one of the most sensational bouts seen locally. These two boys have been rematched, this time for a twelve-round bout, and the fans are looking ahead for another swell exhibition when they start swapping blows at Prospect park.

Ted Kid Drew, the pride of the Pepperell, and having a mighty good hold on the lightweight championship of Maine, will also be seen in action, possibly June 17 or 24, against Johnny Scully of South Boston. The two met at the Exposition building, Portland, recently, and Ted was way out front in the decision line. Scully is not satisfied and is broadcasting that he was not at his best. Drew is ready for him, and the next time Ted is bound to make the victory more decisive. On the night of this bout Promoter Travers will arrange for two other six round bouts and three preliminaries.

Promoter Travers has also such stars as Chick Suggs, Leo Kid Roy, Andy Martin, Red Chapman and other live wire boxers, who are ready to come to Biddeford and show their wares before the Pepperell club at the park.

The slogan is: "Everybody up, and help the Pepperell Social and Athletic Club make the boxing shows a success and by so doing the fans of Biddeford will be given the opportunity to see some good talent throwing gloves at each other.

Lowell Bowlers Entertain Biddeford

BY A LOWELL WRITER

Promptly at four o'clock on the afternoon of June 10th, the vanguard of Biddeford bowlers dashed into Lowell and from then on acquaintances were renewed and new ones made. A trip through the mill was then in order for those who dared the heat, which Mr. Jordan didn't.

A short walk to the Strand Restaurant and all enjoyed a fish dinner, piano acrobatics by Mr. Paul Savage, stories by Mr. Harry Whelan, a neat speech by Mr. Hamel, and last but not least, a Charleston dance by a young lady from Biddeford, which could not be duplicated by any less than a high salaried prof.

The bowling match was not so successful for the Lowell men, but the girls carried through again to win. Mary Joyce says her team will bowl against the Biddeford men the next time.

After the bowling all went to the Commodore Ball Room where a style show was in progress and where Biddeford's own Lady Pepperell was personified by our Charlotte Burns in her inimitable, charming manner. Afterwards came the dancing.

It is hoped that our Biddeford friends did not get too wet going home, but remember they sent us home the same way.

Notes

It was particularly pleasing to have Mr. Jordan, Sr., with us at our dinner and bowling match. Also our old friend and ex-Lowellite, Mr. Sterling.

Sorry Eddie Moll had to leave so early, weren't we, Mary?

Archie King was right in form.

If Harry Whelan would go on the stage he would be even more successful than he is.

GOOD NIGHT SHIRT

A little tulle, a yard of silk;
A little skin as white as milk;
A little strap—how dare she breathe?
A little cough—good evening, Eve.

Little Girard Bergeron is two years old. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bergeron. Mr. Bergeron is warp-man in weaving 13-1.

HEARD ABOUT THE PLANT

Perhaps this will bring back some fond memories to the overseers of Plant B. The above group was snapped at a shore dinner held at Mitchell's on the Pool Road during the summer of 1917. Just "pipe" the derby on "Bill" Keene!

Back row, standing: Herman Hevey and William Smith.

Third row, standing: Charles Benjamin, Edward Woolard, Joel Tibbetts, Clarence Gove, John Leonard, John Darcy and Charles Hodgdon.

Second row, seated: Thomas Files, Clarence Keene, John Donahue, Milton Dean, Warren King and Nahum Pillsbury.

Foreground: Napoleon Spenard and Harry Whelan.

AROUND THE ROOMS

Miss Yvette Carrier, our new bookkeeper, is breaking in well in her new position. She is taking the place of Miss Nellie Cantara, who became the bride of William Fearon of Detroit, a week ago Monday.

Mrs. Mabel Janelle was in Portland recently on a shopping trip. Mrs. Janelle believes in stretching the dollar to the limit and we know she can do it.

Arthur Ploude, one of our cleaners, has been visiting in Montreal. We know that he did not overlook any good sights.

Miss Laura Trembley, who has been restricted to her home with a severe cold, is back at doffing again.

Miss Isabella Hall, one of our old spoolers, is at her old position after having been working out of town for two years. Bella is not only a good spooler, but is a star at driving an auto.

Mrs. Philias Cassavant says her husband, "Phil," the popular second-hand in room 54-B, is as good as any woman in a home. All the Mrs. has to do is to say she is going shopping and Phil will rock the whole family to sleep. Sometimes his sister-in-law, Alferdine Nicols, comes to his home and she likewise is rocked to sleep, and Alferdine is some baby. So that's the kind of a fellow Phil is.

Miss Alferdine Nicols is the next one all are expecting to announce that she is going to give up the single life. Hurry up, Alferdine, and let us buy you a nice present.

Second-hand Joseph Doherty and bride report a good time on their honeymoon and wish they came every day. They had the pleasure of witnessing one of the big league baseball games at the Hub.

SPINNING 142-A

Jeanne Tardiff has returned to work,

Mr. and Mrs. Fortunat Goulette spent Memorial Day with relatives and friends in Lewiston.

Mr. and Mrs. Emile Garon and children were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond of Lewiston.

Miss Marcania Roy, formerly of this department, spent the Holiday in Biddeford.

The Misses Blanche Larouche and Blanche Wright are out on account of sickness. We wish you both a speedy recovery.

Jeanne Tardif has returned to work, having been out three months on account of sickness.

We all miss Arthur Perrault, who is out sick. Hurry up and get better, Arthur.

Say! Amede M.! When is the bowling match coming between you and Juliette? You are not squealing, are you?

Jim Salio is spending a two weeks' vacation in New York.

Raymond Clark has joined the office force at the Counting Room. Mr. Clark graduates from Biddeford High School this month when he will take up his duties.

CLOTHROOM 31

It is nice to have an artist in our midst. You will all agree that Edmund Demars is A No. 1 when it comes to drawing for the "Sheet."

We are all convinced that George Bolduc believes in Friday the 13th. Especially where ladders are concerned.

"Hey, Dorothy, what did you say?"

"Nothing."

Here is what some one in the room heard Clifton Tibbetts say: "I hate women, and I'm glad I hate 'em, 'cause, if I didn't hate 'em, I'd like 'em, an' I hate 'em!"

Most girls like chocolates, but Hazel prefers strawberries. Especially when Charlie picks them.

George Thomas has left us for the summer months. Many of us will see him often as he is traffic officer at Old Orchard.

A. Harvey: "Just caught a fish this long."

Alec: "G'wan—he'd have pulled you out of the boat."

A. Harvey: "He did."

Alec: "Huh, you ain't wet!"

A. Harvey; Naw—I fell on his back!"

We are glad to have Mrs. Hooper with us again after being out on account of illness.

"Of course, but how did you express it this time?"

Lil' Washburn's favorite expression: "How are ya now?"

Here's to Kitty
Looking pretty
Dressed in riding clothes.
She is charming
Quite disarming
In her sporty pose.
But tomorrow
To her sorrow
Kitty will admit—
Fords will render
Her so tender
She can hardly sit.

Agnes Simard is with us again after spending two weeks in Lewiston.

We all hope Jane Kilgore will be with us soon. She is out on account of illness.

Miss Blanche Desnoyers was a recent visitor to Boston.

Spun Yarns

Some one must have bewitched Overseer Warren King's office. Very peculiar things have been known to happen there in the past two weeks. Coats and hats have been known to disappear daily. And the overseer's swivel chair! Woe be unto the one who sits down in it unaware of its peculiarity! It has a tendency to dump one, like a steam shovel dumping its load. The "spell" must have struck Gordon Twomey when he consented to go to the first aid room after being enlightened by the office crew of the danger and after-effects of a bath in red ink. Gordon admits being buffaloed into believing that his lip would swell and crack every time he laughed. At any rate he didn't "come to" until he reached home and the family started giving him the "raz."

The "council" held forth at Old Orchard Tuesday evening, June 7th. When a young man from Plant B got into his car to drive home he found it full of souvenirs that (presumably) some of the members had won and thought they had put into their own cars. If they can identify these souvenirs they can call at the home of the fellow with the brown Hudson. 'Nuf sed.

Catherine Cantara of the spooling department and Julia Sullivan. Julia is a sister to John Sullivan of the cotton crew.

CARDING

Room 23-B

By EMMA HUOT.

On May 30th Paul Boucher and Rose Brochu of this department were married at St. Josephs Church. Their many friends extend to them all best wishes.

Fred Goulet has been out on account of sickness for several weeks. We are glad to report that he is rapidly recovering and trust that he will soon be with us.

Gans Varios, who recently underwent an operation at the Webber Hospital, is getting along fast now and expects to be with us in a few weeks.

John Giammarais is also recovering from an operation. John will soon be with us.

Florida Blanchette lost her pocketbook while on a recent visit to Portland. She recovered it, however, and the identification was possible by a Pepperell Social and Athletic Club membership card which she carries in it. Those little cards have more uses than one!

Room 83-A

By DOROTHY WILCOX.

Yvonne Lamirande, known as the "Kid," has a new title now. Harry calls her the Little Hot Dog Girl." 'Nuff sed. We all know the "kid" eats them by the dozen.

Eva Thompson is greatly delayed at noontime. What seems to be the trouble, Eva?

We are proud to say that we now have a real sheik in room 94. Tall, good-looking, collegiate, etc. It's Stanley, of course. Who else would fit that description?

Oscar Nolette says the thing we need most in this department is a cat. Poor Oscar has worn out two pairs of shoes chasing 'em.

Alice Lachance is always in a hurry at bell time. We think we know the reason—and so does A. H.

Safety the White Cross of the world.

COTTON DEPARTMENT

By EDWARD CHARBONNEAU.

Joe Labonte is still out on account of illness. We wish him a speedy recovery and hope he will soon be back with the gang.

There is no argument about Roland Letellier being a sheik. He admits it.

James Malloy was out a week recently on account of sickness.

Gregory McSweeney and Harold Howard are sporting new cars. Harold has a Ford "coop" and Gregory a Ford touring. When do we get a ride?

Here are a few things we'd like to know:

Who cuts Billy Oakes' hair and why?

Where does Frank Martel store all that he eats?

Will Eddie Legare's overalls shrink any more?

When will Hughie have his next wedding?

What John Lee does with his spare time? (If he has any!)

Eddie Charbonneau recently came to work with a new shirt. It seems that he found a girl's address in one of the pockets asking him to write and send his photo. He did. The girl wrote back that she only wanted to get a look at the bird who would buy such a cheap shirt.

Frank Martel is getting fat. Wonder if it's because he recently sold his horse.

Wanted by Charlie Dinan, one bar of soap.

Ernest Poirier recently underwent an operation at the Webber. Best of luck, Ernest.

ENGINEERING

By CARL HALL
and
ELLERY BRYANT.

Mr. Charles Rondeau of the American Moistening Company is here on business. Always glad to see you, Mr. Rondeau.

Another esteemed visitor this last month was Mr. James Markham of Belmont, Mass. Mr. Markham has been chief engineer of some of the largest plants in the country and is at present retained in an engineering capacity by the Gulf Refining Company.

Recognizing the ability of the entertainment committee of the social club, but at the same time realizing the difficulty of obtaining real talent, we respectfully call the attention of Miss Anna Rouillard to a musical marvel in this department. We assure her that by engaging the services of this amateur artist any social gathering is bound to be a success. The gentleman under discussion can produce the most entrancing strains from two beer bottles,

This is little Mary, eight months old. She is the daughter of John F. Pitta, Cleaner in Weaving 13-1.

The yard gang removes the big elm tree which was recently taken down at the main office. Three or four days of hard work was required to do the job.

warble at the top of his melodious voice, and at the same time dodge oil cans and wrenches thrown by Frechette. Or, he can whistle those soft seductive sonatas (the kind that sounds like a hot bearing!). Anticipating a great demand for the services of this miraculous, musical mastero, we give warning that no bookings are made during working hours. Your letters may be addressed to Mr. Carl (Bozo) Hall at 360 Alfred street or phone 1127-R. Calls on the phone will be answered only between the hours of six and nine p. m.

Saw Charlie Leach looking for a "wampus" the other night. Didja find it Charles?

Clarence Ellis says "if you don't like the way they're coming why just make 'em come better!"

John Pare is back with us after spending a few days at the Boston office. The two bits we collected from Buster on a bet gives us a grand and glorious feeling. Double it on the next one, Buster.

Al Hill allows that if the "gol durn" weather would settle down so a body could be comfortable in the sun and not freeze to death in the shade, that he kind of "kalkilates" his sore shoulder might show a lot of improvement.

YARD NOTES

William Minihan and John O'Leary are working hard on their gardens. The usual assortment of beans, peas, lettuce, potatoes, etc., has been enlarged by the planting of Spanish onions. These are guaranteed to bring tears to the eyes of everyone.

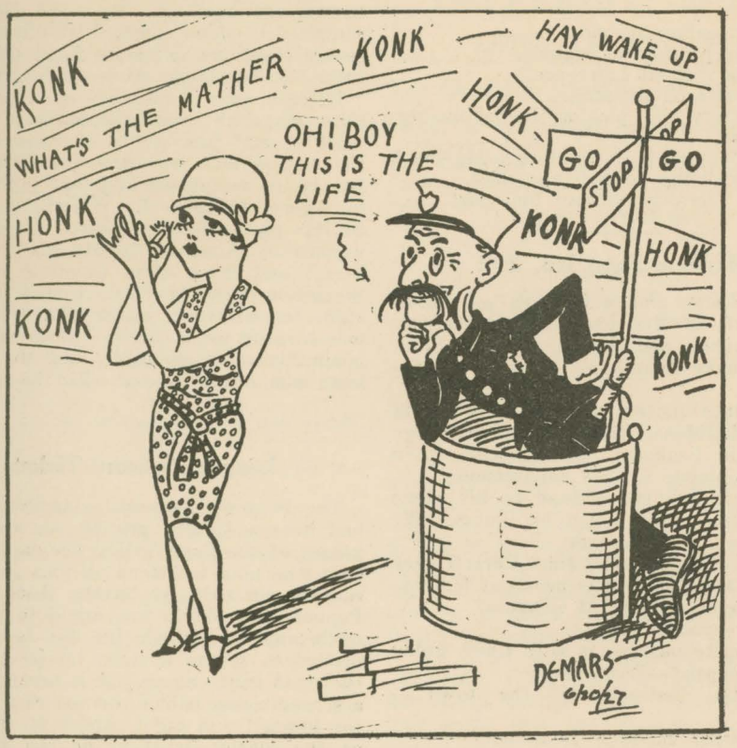
Arthur Emmons suffered a sprained ankle recently. Let us hope this will not interfere with his superb exhibitions of the Black Bottom.

"Red" Bergeron, who has been out for some time on account of sickness, has returned to work. It is reported that Red is sporting a new Nash sedan.

Aime Grenier suffered a painful accident recently while moving a big piece of shafting. In some manner the shaft rolled upon his finger tips, taking off three finger nails.

Members of the yard force were sorry to hear of the death of George Lapierre. Mr. Lapierre was formerly employed in the yard crew, and sympathy is extended to his relatives.

Safety work costs much less than accidents.



George Thomas is keeping busy in the Old Orchard traffic business.

CLOTH ROOM
Mill 191

By BEATRICE VEILLEUX.

Ovila Morel spent Memorial Day in Pawtucket, R. I.

Mrs. Ora Malloy spent the week end of May 28th at Sebago Lake.

Miss Rose Bonneau has left the employ of this department to go to Canada where she will reside in the future.

Miss Nora Calnan is also leaving us but is taking a different direction than Rose. She is to become Mrs. Robert Steele of New York. Miss Calnan was presented with a purse of gold by the employees of the clothroom.

And then there's Leo! He's going to be married soon and will spend his honeymoon in Canada. We'll tell you all about his marriage in the next issue of the "Sheet" as we fear it is to occur too late for this number.

Mr. Hodgdon, our overseer, says he is quite sure that he has the one and only office force with long hair and is mighty proud of the fact.

Miss Emelia Laflamme entertained her sister-in-law, Mrs. E. Laflamme, over the recent holidays. Her visitor was from Dover, N. H.

We are very glad to hear that "Jimmy" Donovan's sister, Miss Mary Donovan, who has been seriously ill, is improving.

Eugene Leveilli, who is employed in the flannel room, has been out a few days during the past month on account of sickness.

Mrs. Guy Durgin spent Memorial Day in Everett, Mass.

Mrs. Alphe Belanger has joined her husband, who is located at Pawtucket, R. I. They will make their home there in the future.

Miss Hannah Farley spent the week end of May 28th automobiling in the eastern part of Maine. She traveled as far as Lubec and we are wondering why you didn't keep right on to Canada, Hannah.

Ruth Davis spent the holiday in Hartford, Conn.

Darcy: "I'm so happy I can't help breaking into song."

Beaupre: "Get the key, then you won't have to break in."

Yvonne B: "How long could I live without brains?"

Annie: "That remains to be seen."

Mr. Brown: "What counts most in this world?"

Miss Hannah: "An adding machine."

Adrienne: "I wish I could make a sentence with the word 'wheelbarrow' in it."

Yvonne B.: "Wheelbarrow some money on payday!"

Simard: "I would appreciate it greatly if everyone would have a dime ready when I wish to borrow one!"

Laura: "I'd like to get an alarm clock. One that will awake me with little effort."

Mr. Brown: "What! Late again!"

Simmy: "Well, er,—the bell always rings before I get here!"

"Why was Germaine swearing so last Sunday morning? It was shocking!"

The answer was whispered: "She couldn't find her prayer book."

"A kiss speaks volumes, they say."

Eugene: "Don't you think it would be sporting to start a library?"

Alice P.: "The jokes in the last issue of the 'Sheet' were absolutely no good."

Beatrice: "Oh, I don't know—I threw a lot of the bum ones in the stove and the fire just roared!"

Spinning and Spooling Notes of 25-B

By LUCY DAVIS.

Francis J. Brady has returned to work after an illness of several months.

Alphonse Cadorette has been transferred to the lower division where he has accepted the position of section hand. Mr. Cadorette completed his duties in our department on Saturday, June 4.

Cecile Gagne and Lena Beaulieu are out on the sick list. We trust they will soon be with us.

Curley is looking for a position for a young lady. Anyone knowing of a good opportunity will please communicate with Curley.

Rose Boucher has left the spooling department.

Blanche Caron has been out sick for several weeks. We hope you will have a speedy recovery, Blanche.

Henry Glaude and Roger Barre, who have been out for several days, returned to work this week.

Eva Cabana joined us recently. We're glad to welcome you, Eva.

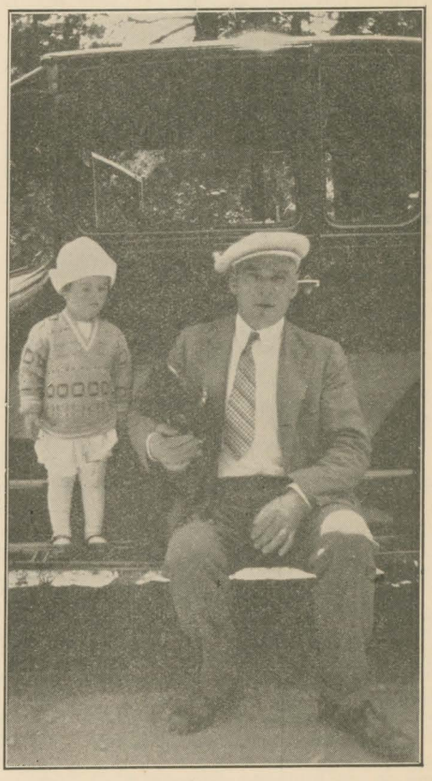
A certain glen in Scotland had the reputation of having a splendid echo. An Englishman visited the place and asked his guide about the echo.

"Just shout, 'two bottles of whisky,'" said the guide.

The man did as requested, and after waiting for several minutes, he turned to the Scot and said:

"But I do not hear any echo."

"Maybe no," chuckled the Scot, "but here's the lassie comin' wi' the whisky."



Little Armand Guilbeault, and Armand Crepeau, who is employed in Weaving 51-B, have just arrived at the picnic grounds. Wilfred Guilbeault, the little chap's dad, is also employed in 51-B.

CARDING
Room 173

By EMILE LEBLOND.

Miss Antoinette Desmarais, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Desmarais of 30 George Street, and Eugene Chretien of Brackett Street, Westbrook, Maine, were married at St. Andres church at 8.30 o'clock Monday morning.

The ceremony attracted a large gathering of friends and relatives. Miss Desmarais is working in room 173. We wish the couple a happy married life.

It was tough luck for poor Joe Vachon to lose that game last Saturday. Never mind, you twirled a nice game and we give you credit.

Mr. Alfred Dubuc of room 161 left for Canada on a vacation, I bet the boy will taste something out there. Do you blame him?

Thanks to the president of the Social and Athletic Club, for the employees of the Pepperell will be able to sit down and smoke their pipes mornings and noon. I bet Pete will buy a new pipe when the Park is dedicated.

Wilfrid and Rose have gone on the farm to raise chickens, scullions, cucumbers, etc. They have bought a farm from Mr. Courchesne, who is employed in room 113A. Wilfrid is Mr. Perreault, who is Picker Boss in Mill No. 11.

I think Louise ought to buy a Victrola and give her tongue a rest

Frances, you are lucky. When you lose a sweetheart she always finds another one. I wonder if personality has anything to do with it.

Leona: We are wondering if you are a good cook by now. You have been "learning" for the last six weeks. I was wondering why your hubby was sick, but now I can see the reason why.

I bet that your wife is keeping an eye on you now, Alcide, since you bought that Chrysler!

I wonder if Cora Danis of Room 173 is thinking of getting married, for last Saturday I saw here with a pretty sheik. I always knew Cora had a fine taste. Keep it up, Cora. If he doesn't propose soon, wait for leap year.

WEAVING
Slugs and Miss Picks from 131 and 141A

By JOSEPHINE BUCKLEY.
and
ISABELLE McKENNEY.

Marion B., when will I have another chance of seeing you jump the fence?

Ask Josephine if she likes to entertain.

"Red" Cote doesn't wear his knickers when he goes up to the Homestead because a short time ago he ran into his old friend with a pair just the same as his.

When Mac Cote left the Weave room some of his friends sang "Bye Bye, Mac."

John Brennan must be of Scottish descent. He hates to part with a comb!

F. Petit says that some day if you should hear a rip to take a look at Legendre.

After Reynold's friend left him his friends had to cheer him up. ("As long as the mail comes Reynold will be all right.")

Maurice says that short-haired women make a long wait in the barber shop.

Things That Never Happen:

Dubuc, the loomfixer, smiling on a Monday morning.

Miss Roberge quiet all day.

Miss Broullotte not using powder.

Miss Frechette running.

The bookkeepers wearing the same dress two days.

F. Petit loafing around.

Red Cote picking up bobbins.

Leo Cote without Lawrence.

A. Charette on the stage.

The Battery girls picking the bobbins up on the floor.

W. Buckley picking up cloth every hour.

Maurice sitting down in the office.

Euclide Charette without his sport car.

Machine Shop No. 292

Ralph Smith and wife have purchased the property of Mrs. Ida Smith at the corner of Vernon and North Streets, Saco, and will make their home there in the future.

Fred Grace visited over the week end in Newtonville, Mass. He also visited George Radcliffe in Peabody. Mr. Radcliffe is a former employee of this department.

George Brown is confined to his home at No. 5 Shevenells Court by illness. We trust he will soon recover.

We are glad to have "Jim" Carroll back with us. Mr. Carroll has been out for several weeks on account of sickness.

Does everybody know—

My favorite pastime is with Chev. going to Hill's Beach?—Burnham.

I set the fashions for the town?—"James."

I am rather classy?—Dearborn.

I am not very large but C's so wise?—Watson.

I am a beach bug?—Smith.

I am something of a sport?—Fuller.

My head is warranted unbreakable?—Emmons.

I like Biddeford?—R. Smith.

I'd like to drive the waterwagon?—Darcy.

My favorite occupation is "sweeping"?—McCone.

I am as classy as Dearborn?—Brown.

Young Emmons found the following note pinned to his Sunday shirt last week:

"In the parlor they were sitting—
Talking by the firelight's glow
Quickly were the minutes flitting,
'Til at last he rose to go.
"With his overcoat she puttered—
From her eye escaped a tear,
'Must you go so soon?' she muttered,
'Won't you stay to breakfast, dear?'"

Grace: "How do you feel?"

Fenderson: "Like the bottom of a stove."

Grace: "How is that?"

Fenderson: "Grate!"

We offer the following toast to Frank Beaudoin of the Carpenter Shop:

A jovial fellow is Frank,
He's far from being a crank,
He jokes and he grins,
As the girlies he chins—
This clever old man named Frank!

Sewing Club Notes

At the meeting of the Sewing Club held on Tuesday evening, May 31st, there was an enthusiastic gathering of two hundred Pepperell girls in the Club Rooms.

These classes are proving very interesting and instructive to the young ladies. Many different ideas are presented and the beautiful pieces of work speak highly for the members. Mrs. Euphemia Ladd is working hard to keep everyone busy with new designs and supplies.

This was one of the best meetings held to date. A short entertainment was held during the evening. Raymond Hazeltine contributed piano solos, Elsie Ruck gave several readings, and some fancy dances by little Mary Callahan were much enjoyed.

Refreshments consisted of crab meat sandwiches, ice cream and coffee.

Of special interest to the members of the sewing club was the presentation of two handsome sheets and four pillow slips to Agent Howard R. Whitehead by the Social and Athletic Club. These were worked by Alexiana Guerin of 17 Taylor Street and Rose Alma Gaudette of King Street, respectively. Miss Guerin used designs in cut work, while Miss Gaudette's was in solid work of silk. Both called for much favorable comment, and Mr. Whitehead was much pleased with the gifts.

League Season Tickets

The Pepperell baseball management has had season tickets printed for the home games of the Saco Valley League, and the fans who plan to attend all nine games arranged can save by buying these tickets. Pepperell employes are urged to get one, while any one outside the mill is cordially invited to secure a ticket at $3 and help the good cause along. It is arranged that a season ticket holder can secure admission for himself and eight others at one game on the season ticket or he can keep the ticket and have it punched once for each of the nine games, or he can use up the nine admissions any way he sees fit. It is the crowds that the management wants at the games and the fans should do their part to boost the Pepperell exhibitions.

There will also be twilight games besides the Saco Valley League game, which are outside the season tickets, and separate admissions will be charged. Single admissions for the league games will be 35 cents. All the league games start at 3.15.

Well, who'd a' thunk it! Just cast your eye upon Joseph Bouffard, loomfixer in 13-1, when he sported nine months. Of course, Joe has changed slightly since this picture was taken.

UNDER THE DRAGON'S EYE

Since "Lindy" made his non-stop flight, Jack Bennett, the elevator tender, has been referring to himself as the "Indoor Aviator."

Traffic Cop: "Did you blow your horn?"
Arthur Sawyer: "No; why? Does it look like it needed blowing?"

One of the girls of 55-B went into the department store the other day and asked to look at some petticoats. The clerk replied, "Antique department on the third floor, Miss."

While Maurice Goodwin was waiting in line for a chance in the barber's chair the other day a couple of kids stood in the doorway watching the artist singe a young lady's hair. "Gee," said one. "He's huntin' 'em with a light!"

Walter Smith: "The horn on that truck is broken."

Jim Hickey: "No, it's not; it's just indifferent."

Walt: "What do you mean?"

Jim: "It just doesn't give a hoot."

Lamirande: "What are you so hot about, old man?"

Joe Moreau: "I've got one of these here two-pants suits on me."

Harry Cavanaugh: "My razor doesn't cut at all."

Mrs. C.: "Why, Harry, you don't mean to tell me that your beard is tougher than the oilcloth!"

The following occurred while John Black was away on his honeymoon.

The hotel manager coming along the corridor, saw the bootblack kneeling on the floor and cleaning a pair of boots outside the door of a room.

"Haven't I told you that you are not to clean boots in the corridor, but to take them down stairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why are you doing it?"

"Because the man in this room is a Scotchman, sir, and he's hanging on to the laces!"

Bill Welch: "Come, Brown, how about getting on to the end of one of these shovels?"

Young Brown: (After a strenuous hour in the gym) "I ain't feeling well—I'm trembling all over."

Billy: "Well, then, get busy with the sieve."

Raymond Landry's wife was heard to remark that he was worth his weight in gold. This is more than $200,000.00. Statistics prove him to be worth just 98c. Chemically the human body contains enough fat and alkali to make seven bars of soap, enough iron to make an eight-penny nail, enough magnesium for one stomach ache, enough potassium for a cap for a toy pistol, enough sulphur to kill the fleas on one dog, enough calcium to white-wash a chicken coop, enough phosphorus to cover the heads of 2200 matches, and enough water to fill the radiator of three Fords if they don't leak too much.

COTTON HOUSE

By EDWARD CHARBONNEAU.

Joe Labonte claims he can't stand the gang ragging him about the old billiard ball so he's gone to New Hampshire for a rest. Good luck to you Joe!

Charles Dinan has been receiving the congratulations of the boys. It's a girl.

Roland Letellier was a recent visitor in Pickering, N. H.

PEPPERELL SHEET

LEWISTON DIVISION

The Lewiston Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford and Lowell Divisions.

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CARL PROCTOR

HAIL TO THE QUEEN

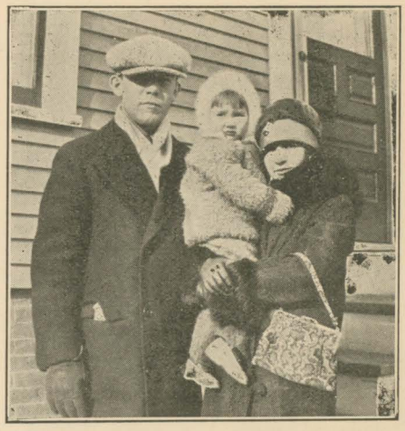
The Beauty Contest which has been running since April came to a close on May 31st at 5.30 P. M. This contest was to decide who is the most beautiful young lady in the Sheet Factory and the honor has fallen upon Miss Rose Tremblay. The voting was brisk and until the last ballot was counted it was a toss-up as to who would finally be declared the winner.

The count was as follows: Miss Rose Tremblay, 2188; Freda O'Donnell, 2168, and Betty McGraw, 2114. This shows just how keen was the rivalry. A splendid spirit prevailed throughout the contest and the contestants, as well as the many who voted for them, are to be congratulated on the manner in which they conducted themselves.

MISS ROSE TREMBLAY.
Winner in the Sheet Factory Beauty Contest.

There was much good-natured joshing during the time this contest was under way but now that it has been settled to the satisfaction of all, the girls will resume their usual tranquillity, if you know what we mean.

Miss Tremblay, the winner, was presented with a beautiful loving cup. The presentation speech was made by Robert Tardif and took place on Thursday evening, June 2nd at 5.30 o'clock, as the girls were filing out.



Mr. and Mrs. Michael Goff, Jr. Two of our popular employees. Mrs. Goff is holding a niece, Miss Patricia Woodhead.

WORK AND THE WORKER

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Song of Satisfaction

We at the Lewiston Bleachery
Are proud of the work we do.
If you will listen for a moment
We'll tell it all to you.

We finish sheets and cases
With the Lady Pepperell brand
And let us whisper something—
They're the finest in the land.

Our foremen and foreladies
We class among the best;
And while we hate to brag, we think
We're as good as all the rest.

Our factory is a palace
In it we take great pride.
If you ever come to visit
We'll show you 'round inside.

If you need sheets and cases
Just take a tip from us—
Buy those marked "Lady Pepperell"
And never have a fuss.

THE BIG TIME.

A negro who had repeatedly been sent to the county jail for minor offenses got to know the road from his home to the county seat so well that he could have written a book on the landmarks. Finally they convicted him of a serious crime and he was shipped to Thomaston to serve "from now on."

After he had been on the train about an hour he turned to a fellow prisoner and said:

"How cum we ain't passed through Biddeford? Ever' other time I is sent up I 'member dat town."

"Boy, you ain't goin' to see no Biddeford on dis trip," replied the other. "You's in de big league now."—D. A. C. News.

Shirley Thornton and Everett Davis.
Everett is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Davis and Shirley is his little playmate.

COLORED FOLDING ROOM

A meeting of the Sewing Circle was held recently at the home of Grace Martin. A musical program, including vocal solo by Agnes Burke, cornet solo by Esther Crowley and piano duet by Mary Therriault and Mabel Morris, was greatly enjoyed. Miss Martin served a dainty repast of ginger snaps and orangeade and much sewing was done on embroidered gun holsters for the orphans of Chicago.

Johnny Nolin needs a step-ladder when he harnesses his horse. One day recently, when the horse felt haughtier than usual, and held his head a trifle higher, Johnny had to call for assistance to put the bit in his mouth.

Harry Driscoll has a goat on his farm which he is willing to stack against man or beast in a butting contest.

Readers of the Pepperell Sheet are informed that the cartoon which appeared in the last issue under the caption "Harry Wallsen after a busy day in the woods" should have read Harry Walker. Mr. Walker has been chuckling to himself a great deal lately, but his friends will do the chuckling now.

James O'Kane, Sr., is now residing on the outskirts of town in the Webber Avenue section. He commutes daily in James Jr.'s limousine.

PACKING ROOM PICK UPS

Joe Cronin is now a resident of the aristocratic Arcadia Avenue section, where he has purchased a beautiful bungalow.

Ernie Parkins and Doc Ricker are having a successful season on their farm. They have a variety of crops under cultivation and expect a bountiful harvest in the fall.

Wally Finn, whose jet black locks are the envy of all the boys, and a great many girls, patronizes a Lisbon Road barber to whom he gives credit for the slick appearance of his hair.

Leo Bernier will spend the summer at Lake Sabatis where he has engaged a camp for the season.

Henry Fahey is a great booster for the trout which is served occasionally at Bernier's boarding house.

George Thompson and Leo Horrigam have had several pressing engagements lately as there has been quite a demand for goods to be shipped in bales.

John Finn, who has numerous friends among the female employees of the Sheet Factory, is taking a correspondence course in motion picture acting.

Bill Driscoll, the Irish Songbird, who was kept off the Lady Pepperell Entertainers radio program, on account of illness, has been given the air several times lately.

STOREHOUSE TRUCK

Mike Walsh, Dan Cronin, Dan Driscoll and Charlie Minnehane have formed a quartet, to be known as the Shamrock Four, and are open for engagements. It is said their voices blend very harmoniously.

Clement Morin doesn't believe a word Leo Paradis says.

Joe Godbout and family motored to Old Orchard on Memorial Day.

There are rumors that wedding bells will ring soon for Armand Verville. Well, Armand, you ought to be pretty well acquainted with the girl.

Raymond Jordan and his pipe are inseparable. Where one goes you will find the other.

Leo Paradis went fishing recently and caught two cans of salmon at the A. & P. store.

Slim Caron, of the Shipping Room Floor, is thinking of raffling off his Ford chariot.

GREY ROOM GOSSIP

Ami Brouillette, the mayor of New Auburn, will spend his vacation at Lake Tripp.

Kid Renaud is the Grey Room's champion fisherman. Every time he goes on a fishing trip his friends are due to enjoy a good fish dinner.

Omer Legere, of the Can Room, has been subbing in this department the last few weeks and has made many friends by his willingness.

Ovilla Renaud has joined the New Auburn Snowshoe Club.

Ludger Garneau says he is all through going to weddings. The last one was too much.

Fred Barbour is enjoying good health and everybody is happy.

AROUND THE YARD

Fred Chandler has received many compliments on his dancing at the recent mill men's banquet. It seems too bad that Fred's talent could not have been discovered before the Charleston contests were staged at Music Hall last winter.

Tim Driscoll is very much interested in aviation and was one of the few who predicted that Capt. Lindbergh would succeed in his New York to Paris flight. Tim has been "up in the air" himself several times and only recently accomplished a non-stop flight across the canal between the Bleachery and the Androscoggin Mills.

Fred Goyette, who is an enthusiastic motorist, is planning an automobile trip to Canada for this summer. He plans to visit Trois Riviere, Athabasca, Warwick and Riviere du Loup.

Dan Haggerty is with us again after a long illness. He is now enjoying good health and is as spry as ever.

Pete Sullivan has had more honors bestowed upon him. He has been crowned "Champion Consumer of Edible Delicacies." This title was given him at the last mill men's banquet when he outdistanced his nearest competitor by three pieces of pie, five cups of coffee and four plates of salad.

Joe St. Denis has not missed a baseball game this season. He is a great rooter for the Lewiston Club and always keeps his own score.

OFFICE ITEMS

Emile Laplante has abandoned his cod liver oil diet and is trying Canada peppermints.

Sam Kingston has one of the best gardens in the two cities and has promised the office force a mess of green peas for July Fourth.

Syl Brogan reports radio reception much improved of late.

John Murphy has returned from a trip to New York City, where he has an interest in a beauty parlor.

Charlie Rowe predicts that the Lewiston Baseball Club will finish in the first division.

Faye Davis spent Memorial Day in Bath. She wore a beautiful gown which reminded one of flaming youth.

Edith Thompson attended a house party at Peaks Island reports a jolly time.

SAFETY HINTS

Never rush in headlong if you don't want to be carried out feet first.

Carefulness may not prevent an accident, but it will never cause one.

Better wait a minute at a crossing than forever in a cemetery.

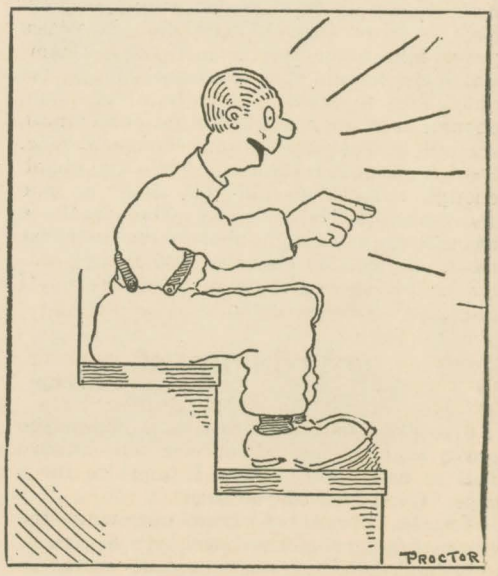
A man who risks his own neck, that's his business, but it's the poorest business in the world.

Depositors in the Safety First Bank get both security and dividends without asking.

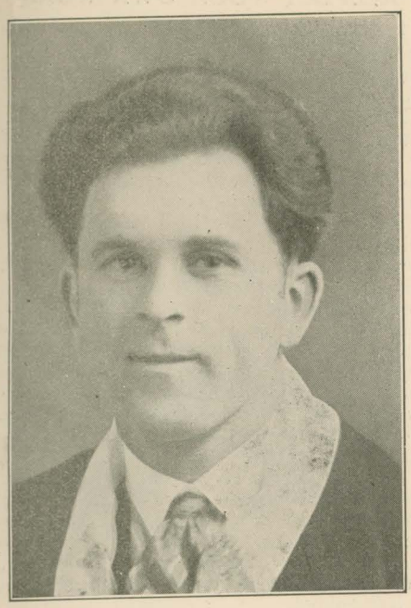
G. F. S.

Grocer—Do you want white or brown eggs, ma'am?

The Bride—The kind I want are white with a yellow polka dot in the middle.—Kansas City Star.



Al Baker giving the umpire a good time.



HARRY DEFORGE

Pride of the Sheet Factory. Harry was born May 7th, 1903, making him 24 years old but he has crowded a whole lot of activity into those twenty-four years. He spent three years as a cabinet-maker in Berlin, N. H., one year in Boston and one year in Portland. He also enjoyed a six months' vacation in the ship yards at Bath. It was here that he picked up the several dance steps that have brought him fame, if not fortune. He has received several offers to join Jimmie Evans' Revue but has turned them down, as he is negotiating with a large producer and expects to put his name on a contract which will net him large financial returns.

HEMS AND HAWS FROM THE SHEET FACTORY

Rose Daley is still traveling week-ends. What's the attraction in Portland, Rose?

Who do you suppose the Charlie is that Freda O'Donnell is always talking about?

Stella Swift spent Memorial Day at Bay Point. On her return she told the girls that she would have brought them back some lobsters but she didn't think they were ripe as they were still green.

Jimmy Mack is very busy these days remodeling his home. Judging by the rumors we hear we don't think it will be long now.

Somebody whispered that Colombe Frasier was going to buy a sport roadster and now we all know the reason. There's a certain some one watching her at the Androscoggin Mill each noon and night. A free ride for you, Ernest.

The rest period ought to be made longer. Nellie Smith is always heard to exclaim, "My, is that the bell? Why, I've only just sat down."

Irene Lepage will spend the summer months at her country home. Here's hoping that you put on a few pounds, Irene.

Mike Linnehan is out with a challenge to any owner of a 1920 flivver for a race from Lewiston to Greene and return. Mike says he can do it in three hours.

Minnie, was that Charlie we saw you with at the Symphony concert in City Hall not long ago? Hasn't he a beautiful beard?

Jimmy won't tell what brand of hair tonic he uses.

Alice Roy and Maria Desjardins found the old bucks quite entertaining at Buckfield.

Mina Martin is planning to spend the Fourth of July at Tacoma.

Marian Dubois is not stingy but she does love rhubarb.

We wonder why Colombe Pratt is always singing "I'd love to meet that old sweetheart of mine."

Jane Perrier enjoyed Memorial Day at Old Orchard Beach.

Yvette Couilliard is sporting a diamond. It won't be long now Ralph.

Some of the girls are wondering when leap year is coming again. Cheer up, girls, you haven't much longer to wait.

Irene Giguere is planning to change partners if Alice Marcotte keeps on catching flies.

The girls' bowling team is thinking of issuing a challenge to the men of the Bleachery. They sure are knocking them dizzy.

Medora Gauvin recently went to Canada and forgot the way back.

Methyl Jones is enjoying these evenings riding around in her new sedan.

Juliet Boulet left us recently to take unto herself a husband. Here's luck, Juliet.

Yvonne Belanger likes only rush orders.

Minnie Dobson and Freda O'Donnell attended a recent concert at City Hall. They were accompanied by a gentleman with a cane.

We understand that Irene Couture will take the fatal step about Sept. 5th. Here's luck, Irene.

Wonder what makes Irene G. sleepy every day.

Emilia N. wishes that every day was Sunday. That is the day when Maurice goes up to see her **brother.**

Dolores Begin doesn't care to be mentioned in the Sheet. All right, Dolores, we will respect your wishes.

When is it coming off, Claire? We want to start saving our pennies.

WHITE FOLDING ROOM

Ardele Ward has returned to work after several weeks' absence due to a foot injury. She has completely recovered the use of her foot now and is able to hustle around in her usual manner.

Wee Willie O'Kane has a very extensive farm on the Portland road and is raising a variety of crops. He is an honest-to-goodness dirt farmer.

Gilberte Martin will sing at the Fourth of July performances at the Lake Grove Theatre. Her numbers will be from the musical comedy "Sunny."

Jack Turner, who is an expert auto-driver, has entered his car for the speed events to be held in the City Park.

Eva Gastonguay attended the Priscilla Theatre recently and was very much pleased with the entertainment.

Tom Meehan enjoyed a trip to the Hub over Memorial Day. While there he called on ex-Mayor Curley, who is an old classmate.

Eva Marchand is casting longing glances in the windows of automobile salesrooms and may be seen driving her own before the summer is over.

We can print anything we like about Harry Windle, as he never reads the Sheet, but we will not take advantage of this.

Lolo Dionne was a member of an auto party which visited Boston recently.

"Dido" Leclair has been receiving many compliments on his dancing act, which was staged at the mill men's banquet.

We wonder if Johnny Jepson is a Scotchman.

Paul Lavigne opened his camp at Lake Sabatis on May 30th.

Wally Tierney is thinking of joining the Marines. We wonder why.

Some of the boys are wondering if a drowning man could wash himself ashore with a cake of Lifebuoy soap. On July Fourth Ed Finner will attempt to prove that it can be done.

BOX SHOP SHAVINGS

Anthony Cormier is still working on his radio invention and all efforts to obtain any information regarding it have been in vain.

Bill Ryan will spend July Fourth at Island Park and will, no doubt, trip the light fantastic while there.

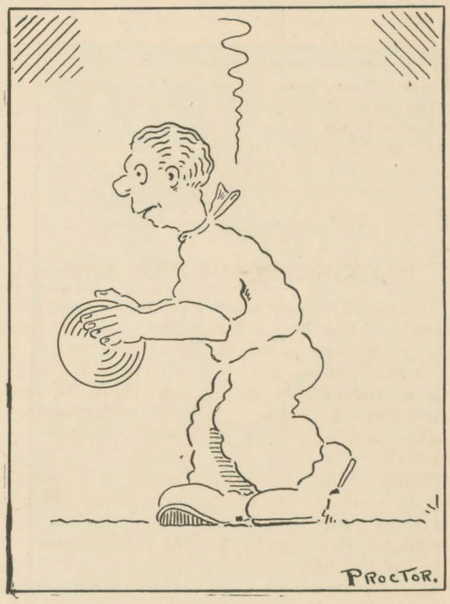
Johnny Coughlin was a recent attendant at the Strand Theatre, where he stayed for two shows on the same evening.

Tim O'Leary, Jr., of the musical team of O'Leary and O'Leary, has been engaged to appear in a Lisbon Street store window on the night before the Fourth.

Bert Rounds is planning to spend his vacation at Biddeford Pool.

THE HEMSTITCHER'S LAMENT

Oh, foreman, listen to my woe,
There's something that you ought to know.
My chair, dear sir, with rags is tied,
And nails stick out on every side.
It looks just like a barbed wire fence,
And oh, good Lord, it's such expense,
For every day my hose I tear
On that darn rickety worn-out chair.
And if ever I should chance to fall
It will be plain to one and all,
'Twill surely hurt my dignity,
You'll have to pay indemnity.
Give me a chair which alone will stand,
And I will hemstitch to beat the band.



Bill Leger s quite a bowler.

THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB

The Automobile Club held its semi-annual meeting on Memorial Day, May 30th. Red Lemieux, machinist, scientist and hockey expert, was the chief speaker for the occasion. A very large crowd was in attendance. The president, Pete Sullivan, honored all the members by letting them kiss his hand as they entered. Bart Ferguson and his pipe band furnished some fine music.

Every time a member has departed a tree is planted in his memory. There were many arguments as to the kind of a tree to plant. After much discussion the president decided they would plant a whiffle-tree.

Red White said he wished to make clear about his getting thirty miles on a gallon of gas. He said he was misunderstood. He said his Ford will not go thirty miles on a gallon of gas, but will go thirty miles in one day.

The complete returns from President Coolidge's first fishing trip in the Black Mountains was received by a special leased Associated Mess wire.

Two new members were initiated. They were Theodore Bonneau and James Powers. Ted holds several non-stop records from Lewiston to Sabattus. Jim holds the water bucket for the horses to drink from every morning at five A. M.

Dan Haggerty, the watchful watchman, was elected outside guard.

Red Lemieux said he wasn't Scotch, but he always fried his Bacon in Lux to prevent it from shrinking.

The Club voted to purchase two goldfish for Mayor Wiseman's fish pond in the Lewiston City Park.

Axel Neilson told where he got those delicious shore dinners that he has always been talking about. (The second hot dog cart as you enter Brunswick.)

A new branch of the Club has been organized and is limited to any member that can turn two complete somersaults and escape with his life. To each member who succeeds a rose is presented. When he has roses enough to make a wreath he is presented with a wooden overcoat. At present there is but one member and that is the President.

After the business meeting the members adjourned to the home of Jack Leahey, where on the spacious grounds a clambake was enjoyed. Mr. Leahey had stewed a special brand of clams which made a big hit with all.

The next meeting will be held at the Leahey summer home at Old Orchard Beach, on July 4th.

Three Scotchmen, McPherson, McDougal and McHenry, were chums in the trenches. One night a shell burst over the trench where they were stationed and blew McHenry's head off. McDougal turned to McPherson and remarked: "Lord Almighty, McHenry's lost his head!"

McPherson, in great excitement, asked: "What are ye saying—McHenry lost his head? Where did it go?"

"What difference does it make? It's gane," answered McDougal, philosophically.

"What difference does it make?" retorted McPherson. "Mebbe none tae ye, but he had me pipe in his mouth."

"Mose, how long you got to stay in jail?"
"Only three weeks."
"What did you do?"
"Ah killed mah wife."
"And you only got three weeks?"
"Yassuh, dat's all—only three weeks. Den dey's goin' to hang me."

I was alarmed this morning.
When?
Oh, about 6 o'clock.

Stop—Look—Listen. Do it the safe way.

Where do all the insects go in winter?
Search me.

The safe man is and always will be the best man.

A sound body is the reward of Safety—untold misery the penalty of carelessness.

RESPECT YOUR OWN WORK

Everyone should respect his occupation and the work he is called upon to do. There are sufficient justifications for this, both in pure reason and common sense.

All work when nobly done, is noble. There is no reason, ever, to be ashamed of any honest labor, for it is upon tasks done that education, wealth, luxury, even existence itself is founded.

We often are inclined to despise the things we are forced to do, caring for the furnace, washing dishes, running errands, and the like, and to look with envy at what we consider the privileged lives of others. We should remember that mountains in the distance always look blue and only when we actually get to them do we find them brown and made of rocks and dirt. We must learn to see the blue ridges in our own mountains of work and idealize our own tasks.

If we hope for promotion, we must first master what we are doing, and to know any work well it must be given full attention and loyalty. Even when we progress to other things our progress is more sure when we have completely mastered what is left behind.

Then, too, promotion often comes through the good will of those for whom we work and from those who watch us work.

The work we do is part of us. The self-reliant, self-respecting person will take pride in his work, and will study and train till he can get work of which he is proud. No honest work is so menial that its accomplishment is unworthy, and no beginning is too small to develop into something great and noble.—James D. Weinland.

BE A BOOSTER

Boost our products. Talk about them. Wear them and tell your friends about them.

He: That soprano had a large repertoire.
She: Since you speak of it, her dress only made it look worse.

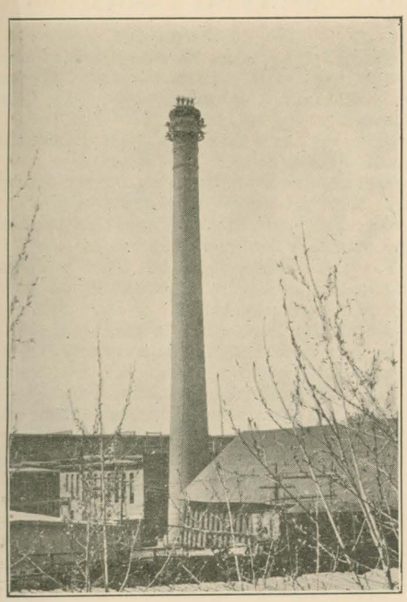
Our Editor was asked why his nose was so red and this was his reply: It's just glowing with joy from keeping it out of other people's business. G. F. S.

WATCH YOUR SOLES AND PRESERVE YOUR SOULS!

A while ago a chap came into the First Aid room with a splinter firmly wedged in his foot. It seems that the old mill shoes he was wearing had bad holes in them and the splinter found its way through the tap and into his foot. A painful wound and one that could have been avoided. Take a look at your shoes and keep oil-soaked splinters out of your feet! WATCH YOUR SOLES

Accidents Per 100 Employees in the Biddeford, Lowell and Lewiston Divisions. Let's try to turn in a small er figure next month!

Month	February	March	April	May
Biddeford	3.1	3.0	2.9	3.1
Lowell	5.6	7.5	6.0	5.2
Lewiston	15.0	17.0	17.0	17.0



How would you like to do your daily dozen up here? This shows a crew of steeplejacks at work on the Lewiston Bleachery chimney 210 feet in the air. Picture taken by Axel Neilson.

MACHINE SHOP NOTES

Bart Ferguson was in Boston over Memorial Day.

We are glad to report that Howard Cody is much better.

P. Finner is quite a gardener. Pat is a great believer in variety and he plants a little of everything.

A. Neilson recently took a few pictures of the work being done on the Bleachery chimney. They were all taken from the ground, however.

The other day "Red" Lemieux had a party and invited quite a few people. He says that a fine time was had by all. Only one person turned up.

A son, Wallace, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Burke on May 5th.

MISCELLANEOUS

We understand that Miss Ringstrom, who is Mr. H. G. Zervas' assistant in our New York office, enjoys the Pepperell Sheet. How about the young man who walked down Broadway with you and suggested that he might hold your hand only people would think him a "hick"?

By the time this issue appears Mr. Crowley, our assistant general manager, will probably be occupying his new home on Webster Street. It is one of the finest in the two cities and all of our employees unite in wishing him and his family many years of happiness in it.

Owing to pressure of other business, Henry Roy has been forced to resign from the staff of the Pepperell Sheet. Our readers will miss his clever drawings and cover designs and we trust that after the summer months he may find time to favor us with more of his masterpieces.

On Friday, May 27th, the Androscoggin Valley Mill Men's Association staged a musical revue and dance at the Armory. The entertainment was furnished by talent from the several local mills and, of course, the Bleachery was well represented on the program. Those from the Bleachery who took part were Louis Driscoll, William Davis, Alphonse Bernard, Leo Soucy, James Sommerville, Lawrence Egan, James McDonough and Elmer Griffin. John Murphy, Stephen Crowley and William Lawlor represented the Bleachery on the executive committee.

Robert Tardif, of the Sheet Factory, has enlisted in the Third Maine Infantry as a first-class musician. One wise cracker was heard to remark that the method of rating musicians in army bands must differ a whole lot from that employed by civilian bands.

Mary Kelleher and a party of girl friends spent the holiday at Boston and Revere Beach. At the beach they made the acquaintance of two Red Sox players who showed them a good time. Our baseball schedule tells us that the Red Sox were playing at Washington on Memorial Day.

WET END WHISPERS

Frank Cody spent Memorial Day at Lard Pond.

Patsy Kelliher and Jack Buckley spent the holiday in Boston.

Arthur "Lucky" Gables motored to Portland last Sunday.

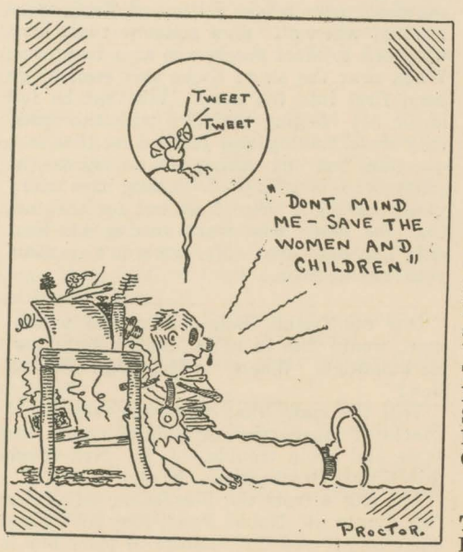
Shark Gahagan spent the last week-end at Sherry's Inn.

Dave Lonergan took a dip at Revere Beach on Memorial Day.

SPORT NOTES

After looking over the scores of the Lowell and Biddeford girl bowlers, the Bleachery girls feel that they have the champion bowling team of the Pepperell family and would like to prove it. Here's a chance to start something.

Although the Bleachery cannot boast of such an attractive array of fistic talent as that possessed by Biddeford, nevertheless, we have several boys who, we believe, are capable of extending any at their weights. We have Paul Lavigne at 116 lbs.; Billy Mansfield, 130 lbs.; Henry Breen, 126 lbs.; and Teddy Bonneau, 150 lbs.



Larry Egan has been experimenting with his radio.

Willie O'Kane disguised as a farmer.

Buck Gaudette is still going like a house afire in the International League. At the time this item was written he was covering third base and hitting for .313. He got away to rather a poor start, but has been climbing steadily. His many friends are pulling for him to come through and finish up among the singers.

The baseball kettle has been boiling merrily these past few weeks and it is expected that within a very few days an announcement will be made to the effect that the Bleachery will put a fast team on the field. We have the material and with the interest of all at such a high pitch there is no question but what we shall soon be able to root for our own team.

By the time this issue of the Pepperell Sheet makes its appearance the Y. W. C. A. bowling league will have completed its schedule. If the Bleachery girls do not win the championship we shall be very much surprised, as they have won all of their games with the exception of the first one. The girls have been right around the 1200 mark in every contest, which is exceptionally good for their first year in competition.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

The Sheet Factory Dramatic Club are rehearsing the old favorite, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and hope to stage it later in the month at the rustic theatre at Merrymeeting Park. Following is the cast of characters:

Uncle Tom,	Harry Deforge
Topsy,	Medora Toutain
Little Eva,	Bertha Forrest
Simon Legree,	Billy Blair
Eliza,	Florence Nelson

Cakes of ice,
Lena Pelletier, Elizabeth Trask, Dora McGraw

The Cabin, Ida Jacques

Blood Hounds,
Blanche Sawyer, Mildred Forrest, Pearl Blanchard

PEPPERELL SHEET

LOWELL DIVISION

The Lowell Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford and Lewiston Divisions.

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IVY CALDEIRA
MARY CLARK
NELLIE CROW
FRANK BOWLES
STEPHEN YOUMANS
MURRAY FRAZEE
HELEN HARRIMAN
HAZEL KIMBALL
LILLIAN ASH Cartoonist.

LUNCH-TIME TALK

Business in the Rayon Silks Department has taken quite a jump. Several looms have been started, employing many new hands.

We shall miss the smiles and jokes of our friend, Mrs. Mal Pelkey, who returns May 2 as room girl to her section in No. 12.

Mrs. Julia Cunha of the No. 1 Weaving Department is recovering from a long illness.

A little baby three years old was having his supper.

"Mama, I want to have supper with papa."

"No, you cannot wait, you have to go to bed early."

"When shall I have supper with papa?"

"When you grow up and have whiskers."

When the mother turned her back the cat stepped on the table to have supper with the baby; the baby said:

"Go away from here. You can have supper with papa; you have whiskers."

LADY PEPPERELL

Did you see Lady Pepperell
When she had on display
Her sheets and pillow cases
In the Lowell Bon Marche?
If you saw how she makes them
You wouldn't be surprised
That they are the greatest in the market
And so pleasing to the eyes.
They are made of virgin cotton
Selected with great care.
You'll never find their equal
Should you travel everywhere.
They are packed in dainty cases
And if you buy some today
You'll never cease to praise them
That's what all the people say.

H. T. R.

HI JACKS

Anna has threatened to knock the gang for a row of ??? if they put anything about her in this sheet so, Anna, here's a chance to do your stuff.

How about getting a haircut, Lillian?

Where did you get those curls, Jennie?

Why don't you take your frame home for over Sat. and Sun., Helen K., or else give up eating your dinners?

Ask the hi-jack girls how they enjoyed that Biddeford trip.

We wonder why Helen K. doesn't take her frame home over Saturday and Sunday to work on it. Henry ought to start the speed up earlier for her.

Who puts the curl in Jennie's hair?

The girls on the Jacks are so lonesome that they have to dress up in overalls to stir up the place. Anyhow, they make very fine fellows. If that bunch of hi-jacks don't wear longer dresses, there will be an epidemic of chapped lips.

I wonder why Frances goes over to Belvidere for her piano lessons. We have some nice teachers right here in Centralville, Firpo.

Any one with red hair and freckles, Mary, doesn't have to wear green on St. Patrick's Day.

YARD NOTES

We are gad to see James Nix back with us again after a short illness.

Joe says the trip to Biddeford was great but he felt like doing a Rip Van Winkle the next day. It was left to the girls to bring home the bacon. They did.

S. Y.

It is whispered that Cooky was made sheriff instead of just a mere watchman and he has been inquiring why a certain window has been left open and it has caused a big noise in the Storehouse.

Earle says that he would rather have repacks than shippers for certain reasons. He had better not let the girl that is getting the diamond know anything about that.

J. C.

We understand that the work of the Dyehouse is dyeing. We are tempted to believe they have kept right on dyeing until they are dead. If not why don't we hear from them in the Pepperell Sheet. Come to life, fellows.

There is a story going the rounds which has to do with a fishing trip on one of the ponds not so long ago. It seems, so the story goes, two ladies were walking along the shore near where Steve and Ernie were fishing, when all of a sudden their boat was seen to start shoreward at a fast pace. When near the shore Steve was seen to go head first into the pond. Whether he fell in, or not feeling satisfied with the speed they were making and jumped in, that is a question, but one thing we do know—the party who is guilty of telling this story would have got there first but for the fact that the man who was rowing his boat only had one arm. No, we won't mention your name, Alex.

C. B.

Our old friend, Ben Aubin, the watchman, would like to know more about Lowell buildings. Where is the High School, Ben?

Will the man that was seen taking 15 quarts of blueberries at Almont return the same and avoid trouble. J. B. Not drunk this time. Blueberries. Fever.

The Big 4 from the Storehouse enjoyed a fish dinner at Nobbs Pond, May 30. They don't like to see their names in print but it was the same old gang—Steve, Ernest, Ben and Al.

SPINNING YARNS

No. 1 Spinning

Every time Emma Perreault comes home late at night she blames it on the flat tire. Do you know any more jokes like that, Emma?

Vicky B., are the wheels on your roller skates still rolling?

We wonder why Eva P. hates to part with her post alley—how about it Eva?

We can't say that Parmelia is lovesick. She gained twenty pounds.

T. Cunha took his girl out the other night and spent $.80; he could have spent more but that was all she had.

We would like to know why J. Swistak, alias Pickle, combs his hair every Monday morning.

The boys are all anxious to know if Smithy got the hump on his back from slipping in and out of the black Maria.

No. 12 Spinning

If Bertha C. would stop looking out the window maybe the flies would stay out.

Things that never happen:—
"Fish" buying cigarettes.
"Pop" feeling grouchy.
John M. buying tobacco.
Paquette loafing.
K. McK. walking home from auto rides.
Rose W. without a wiggle.

The doffers in this section getting the same price as the doffers in Section 2.

Ed Taylor keeps singing: "I Wish I Had My Old Pal Back Again."

We wonder who the man is that Henrietta goes riding with every Tuesday evening.

Well, the boys are all ready to go out to Paquette's 12-room mansion at Lakeview Park.

The time to prevent an accident is before it happens.

Joseph Silva, son of Mary and Manuel Silva, of No. 1 Weave Room.

O-OH Sweetheart the boys in the Store House are buying you a Diamond ring
I See You are Early of late. You used to be behind before. Now You are first at last.

WHEN EARLIE MEETS HIS GIRLIE

When Earlie meets his Girlie
There's music everywhere
Oh how his heart goes pita-pat
He loves that Girl for fair
We hope She gets the diamond ring
That sparkling little band
And then will ring the wedding bells
Oh Gee, Oh Gosh, how Grand,

SUE

CLOTH ROOM

Lillian S. prefers grocery clerks. She says they know their onions.

We hear they have installed iron chairs in the Y. W. lunch room. The ordinary ones weren't strong enough for a few of our girls. How about it, Helen and Nellie?

I suppose Evelyn won't be with us long, now that she has become an actress.

Mary F. should get thin running in from Bingville every morning in 15 minutes. She should be???? but is she?

There used to be but 8 notes to the scale, but we notice about 48 in N. Tyer's laugh.

The "Chandler" is quite cozy to ride in, eh, Helen?

We wonder if:—

L. Sullivan still says "What"?

Jean L. still blushes.

Nellie C. reduced any more, and HOW?

Flossie will grow any taller.

If H. O'C. will ever be quite as slender as her chum. Eh! What!

What would happen if Art Hope worked hard?

I see by last month's edition that the Sample Room had their annual turkey banquet. They say turkey but, according to rumors it was scrambled chicken. They put a chicken on the table and everybody scrambled for it. Nobody was hurt.

The Old Timers tell of the days gone by when they played ball on the Oval. They had a keg at third and Jim Moran broke four bats trying to reach there while Riley ran himself bowlegged.

We are three maids from the Sample Room—Helen, Bessie and Grace.
At that magic word "Bananas" see the smile light up our face.
What is our lunch? Why, a great big bunch of "Bananas", large and small:
If we thought we could digest them, we would eat them—skin and all.

F. S.

Glad to see you back on the job, Ether S.

At present May M. is spending her vacation in New York City and is sadly missed by the gang.

We wonder what would happen if Florence L. stopped rushing for five minutes. Cheer up, Florence, there will be no rushing in Heaven.

H. McN. should be fat for she certainly has got some appetite.

CLOTH ROOM NOTES

Mr. William Greenleaf, for over thirty years an employee of the Massachusetts Cotton Mills Inc., resigned his position as Second Hand of the Lower Cloth Room on Saturday, May 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf are to leave Lowell about June 1st, to take up their residence at their new home at Boothbay Harbor, Me. Before leaving Saturday noon, friends and employees of Mr. Greenleaf gathered around him and presented him with a purse of gold and a box of cigars, also remembering Mrs. Greenleaf with a box of candy.

The presentation speech was given by Mr. Raymond Garvey, who, in very fine manner voiced the sentiments that each and every one of us had in our hearts.

Mr. Greenleaf was deeply affected but responded in a most fitting manner, saying that he would always remember the days spent in the Cloth Room as the happiest in his life. We all wish Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf good health and much happiness in their new home.

Theatre Party

On May 30th the girls of the Cloth Room celebrated the holiday by enjoying a trip to Boston in the form of a theatre party. These parties are conducted frequently during the year and on every holiday. They are under the capable direction of the Misses Snow of the Lower Cloth Room.

The party, consisting of sixty people, filling two large buses, left Lowell shortly after four p. m. and arrived in Boston in ample time for supper, which each enjoyed at his or her favorite restaurant or hotel. After supper all made their way to the Wilbur Theatre and enjoyed the musical comedy, "Listen Dearie." After the show the buses were waiting and all started back to Lowell, arriving home in good time, a tired but happy crowd, all looking forward to the next trip.

No wonder Philomena comes in with cramped toes after being out with a six-footer. Better stick to the Fords, Philo.

That two gun "Bill Hart" of the movies has a close double in W. Drewitt. How about that wide sombrero, Walter?

When it comes to the stump Ray G. is some orator. How good a politician would you make, Ray?

We wonder who the new swimming instructor is going to be. Ask Julia.

Lillian and Anna like their beauty naps at noon.

Theresa M. was seen riding to the cemetery in a Rolls Royce. No, it wasn't a hearse.

Grace will have quite a family of Chinese babies when the tinfoil arrives. What will Frank say?

Who said only the class live in the Highlands? Do they know that Manuel is there?

Who is Esther M's latest thrill? Maybe it's Red.

She may know, Eddie; be sure the bathing suit won't shrink.

What is the chief topic of conversation on one of the cutting tables? Why, Lester, of course. Ask Philo.

Mother Cooper is walking down to work mornings as a weight reducer.

Why does Helen W. go to Pearl's every Saturday night?

Too bad Martin wouldn't invest a dime in a towel.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

Did you ever go through the sliding door
And meet the girls on the advertising floor?
On table one is Helen Lynch,
To get by her is no cinch.
She'll eye you up and she'll eye you down,
And if you don't look out you might get a frown.
On days like this when she feels kind of blue
It takes a smile from Jack to pull her through.
On table two is Bessie Mulvey;
Oh, my gosh, isn't she lovely?
Never saw anyone so neat and slick
Better look out she doesn't hit you with a brick.
On table three sits two
If they see you first you'll never get through.
But once you're in keep your hands in your pockets,
For they'll steal your eyes out of their sockets.
On table four there sits a maid
Who was never made to sit in the shade,
For as soon as you get one foot on the floor
You'll hear a shout—Shut the door.
Now Kitty Murphy, she comes next
And I hope she won't be vexed
But I see her look at one fellow
And. gee, gosh, he turned yellow.
Sadie Gallagher, you all know
Says she doesn't care for beans,
But we notice when Jerry comes in
She justs sits and grins and grins.
Margaret Finneral, she comes next;
She's the only one that doesn't get vexed.
When a fellow pops in the door
She just hollers—Bring in some more.
Annie Owen is at table eight,
And she sits and looks and waits
Till evening comes and her work is done;
Then fun for Annie has just begun.
She hastens out as quick as she can
And into the hammock goes with a bang.
Up at the desk sits Grace Connors
Waiting for the men to pay her honors.
First comes Bennie
Then comes Red.
One look from her they'd wish they were dead.
Down in the corner sits Kathyrn Lynch
For her the boys all go in a clinch;
First comes one and then comes another,
But she tells them all they can be her brother.
Kathyrn, you know is not a bit slow;
For her you know "Potatoes" will grow.
If my advice you are looking for
Never open the Advertising door.

When Mr. Careful comes to stay, Mr. Danger runs away.

A Portion of the No. 1 Weave Room

NAPPING ROOM

The boys wonder why John C. is always on the inside looking out. Is she a blond, John?

Arthur H. says all poles look alike to him. How about the ones that light up, old boy?

We wonder who the Helen of the Cloth-room is that Jim H. is so interested in. From the looks of things, it won't be long now, will it, Jim?

Eddie S. has been seen doing a marathon every morning lately. Guess he must be going to the Olympic Games.

R. E. was taking a walk the other morning with his dog. R. was three laps ahead of the dog, which had his tongue hanging out. What's the matter Reg. are you training or is it the dog?

Pat C., we understand, is quite an artist with the fiddle. We hope Henry Ford doesn't hear about him or we might lose one of our pals.

B. S. is always talking about the Club. We are surprised that Bill ever goes home at all.

Charles K. was seen talking to a young lady on Merrimack street, recently. The boys are looking forward to a good time, Charles.

James Mc. is some boy when it comes to paper hanging. What makes it stick, Jim?

Dave says that it's nothing for him to sit down at the radio and get Chili any night. Why not put your overcoat on, Davie?

Wm. H. must have been a soldier one time because of his carriage. Which army was it Bill?

James H. is some boy when it comes to picking a winner. Better luck next time.

Recently, Joe S. was seen chasing a greasy pig down the boulevard, saying: "Piggie, piggie, go home, will you?"

James J. thinks the Clothroom girls are pretty nice. He doesn't say which one he prefers. We think it is Mary Ellen.

Billie B. and his baseball nine sure are some team to hear him tell it. They have Babe Ruth beat to a frazzle so far.

John Rourke, an employe of the Napping Room for the past twenty-five years, on and off, passed away very suddenly after a very short illness, May 14.

NO. 1 WEAVE ROOM

Mac has a monkey and Barney a horse, but Nap and Jean have pet corns.

One might think that No. 1 Weave Room was a dynamite plant to seen the powder on Belle and Nellie's window.

If true love never runs smooth we wonder how long Tony's and Joe's will last.

Did you know that Jack S. had a candy tooth?

Elizabeth B. looks pretty snappy in her new Chevrolet.

Mary will soon be a fixer. She knows the tools by name.

We wonder what kept all the boys around the spare floor near No. 1 Weave Room office on a certain Tuesday. Ask the boss —he knows. We notice that George was quite easy to find that same day.

We are all glad to see Nellie, our checking girl, with us again.

Rebecca of No. 1 met with a very sad accident last week. While getting through the window to get some wild flowers she got caught on a nail and it made a big hole in her stocking. Ain't that sad Rebecca?

Nobody loves D. Rose but Scottie. How about it Scottie?

Bella of Sec. 6 No. 1 Weave Room is getting all jazzed up lately. She is now using Nellie's face powder.

Margaret and Johnnie, second hand of No. 1, are quite busy these days preparing for the first week in June. We all wish you luck, Johnnie, and all the good things to go with it.

We are wondering why Mary of No. 1 and Nap are so chummy lately.

The weavers of No. 1 mill and also the fixers express their sympathy to the friends and relatives of Maria Teipira and Joseph Sousa. They were grieved to hear of their sudden death.

Mr. John B. Dennett, the popular second-hand in No. 1 Weave Room, was married to Miss Margaret Hickey June 1. The employes of No. 1 Weave Room wish them both health and happiness.

Cases treated for the month of April, at the First Aid Room—308.

Anna McKenna, R. N.

BEAMING AND QUILLING

A man celebrates his birthday by taking a day off but a woman celebrates hers by taking a year off.

George—This is a very dangerous place.

Fred—Don't worry. They won't harm a hair on your head.

The dry law is being spoiled with moisture.

The difference between a Scotchman and a cocoanut is the drink you get out of the cocoanut.

They had met several times before, but when they met in the revolving doors at the postoffice they began going around together.

A Scotchman after being shown to his room in a hotel, looked from the window and noticed a large illuminated clock in a tower across the street. He immediately stopped his watch.

The woman most wrapped up in her home is sometimes most unwrapped when out.

Pat Toohey is wearing his Sunday clothes on Monday. Was he wrong in the day or does he think his time is short on this planet?

Since our last issue our staff of quillers has been increased by our old friend, but young in years, Jean Vesenia. We extend our hand Jean. Glad to have you with us again.

Pat Toohey and Charley Monroe are said to be friendly with an undertaker. We would like to hear if they are learning the embalming business.

We are glad to publish any kind of sport news that our department can furnish. Jacky Sullivan might tell us about his hundred yard dash. Come on Jack, let us have it.

Pat seems to enjoy his new partner. We might see him weeding a garden on Bridge street, this summer. What say Pat?

There will be a shortage of potatoes this fall. Another of the boys brought in soap and a towel.

Who was the beamer who brought the bouquet to Mamma—One at a time, boys.

Better goods mean bigger sales.

Bill Caddell carries a large black bag. What is the secret, Bill?

I saw her with a pigtail
Not so very long ago
She was digging in the garden
When the evening sun was low
Just now she 's washing windows
Standing on a pair of chairs
She's not so tall and you see
She uses them in pairs
Now should she ever fall from there
What a mishap that would be
She might break a leg, or sprain a wrist, or scratch a pretty knee.

IN STOREHOUSE C

At the Mass. Cotton Mills you should come with me,
And we'll take a jaunt through storehouse C.
We'll meet the gents that labor there,
Through winters bleak, and Summers fair,
As they pile up the cases, row on row,
To be held in reserve while others must go
Out to the tracks, where placed in a car,
They start on their journey near and far.
They're busy as bees, you'll agree with me,
These boys that work in Storehouse C.
Now Charlie, you'll meet the very first one;
He gives the orders, Alec sees that it's done.
Don't miss little Henry. See, he takes from the shelf
A book; I declare, most as big as himself,
And on its white pages the case numbers puts down
So each when they're needed may easily be found;
While down on the floor where the goods they go out,
Do you notice that boy that is running about?
As on all the cases he puts his K. O.'s,
You're right, that's Joe, you can tell by his nose.
Don't be in a hurry. You must meet our John;
They say that his word is as good as his bond.
Sometimes when he passes the boys say, Quack, Quack,
But Johnny's a gentleman for all a' that.
And this is big Jim; you know you must try
To hear one of his stories—you'll laugh till you cry.
And here! This is Tommy as he goes up and down,
He's first on the top floor, then down to the ground.
Are ye goin' or comin'? I hear Tommy say,
And the boys that are lagging are up and away.
Tom loves to go fishing, but one thing gets his goat,
To see Joe the shipper try rowing a boat.
Now here are the fellows, they're all in a bunch,
I think it is time to go out to lunch;
Here are three Peters, three Bills, and a Joe,
Jim, Ernie, Steve and George, out the door they all go;
They're a bunch of good fellows, you're saying to me,
That's why things go like clockwork in Storehouse C. —S. W. Y.

MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

Boutilier and Munroe went fishing. Same luck. No fish. Awful dry

Carpenter Shop: Ed Sweatt is the owner of two left feet.

Pipe Shop: Deacon Russell has passed the contribution box for a year. He has signed up for a Ford.

Have you heard that new ballad entitled, "You may be a Boon to your Family, but you're just a Baboon to Me"?

George Young, winner in the Catalina swim, says he owes it all to his Canadian trainer, Johnny Walker. What a blow to the Drys!

NO. 1 CARDING

C. C. B.

Can you imagine neglecting to announce Frank H. Boyle, Jr.'s birth in last month's issue?

Arthur Ramsay is again on the job. Welcome back, Arthur.

It seems good to see some of the old faces around the card room, Mary Balas, Annie Costine, Louise Kisolek and others.

Frank Boyle is fortunate in having two such conscientious workers as Buster Duggin and Steve Brady.

F. P. B. knows a good set of teeth when he sees them.

Mary Klosowicz was made happy by an Easter holiday visit from her husband. Mr. Klosowicz is national secretary of the Polish Falcons, located in Philadelphia.

Jack Farrell was seen looking at some top coats in a Merrimack Street store. Thinking of buying one, John?

Martin Gilbride wishes that cards could be made without comb boxes.

Tom McK. is too busy to write notes nowadays.

Jack McDonald is looking for rain. I'll fix it up with the weather man, Jack.

Joe Ciesla was an usher at his cousin's wedding. Noticed he looked the girls from out of town over pretty carefully. Thinking of choosing one, Joe?

Danny Mahoney is enjoying his new set of false teeth.

How is Maggie, Jim?

George and his wife will be taking in all the amusement places this summer if business keeps up—Lakeview and Merrimack Park.

Drawing-In and Slashing Dept.

No news from these departments yet. What seems to be the trouble?

Now, Sadie, keep your ears and eyes open. There is lots to report.

Sign your name to all you say—just as a mark of good faith.

Thank you.

SHOP NOTES

Why does Jack need a dressing room? Ask Grace.

I have a suggestion to make:—It seems to me that the box for news items, etc., should be made about three feet larger, all round, not but what the present one will hold all the comments, but it is evidently too small to see, as no one has yet put anything in it.

About the only thing that fails to make Paddy Dawson jump is the starting bell.

Do you remember the morning when Clarence Alexander was coming over the bridge and threw his overalls in the river? You should wrap the hops in a different kind of paper, Clarence.

Victor Perrin, our excellent wheel manipulator, says that he is never going to drive a car in Lexington again unless the Chief of Police is on a vacation. It seems that it costs $100 to hit the Chief in that town.

Arthur V. wants to know why they don't let him work Wednesday night. He says that being out that night breaks up the week so.

Ed. Brown had a very naive and original reason for not wanting to work the other night; he said that he had to paper a room. Was it the "Back Room," Eddie?

News from the pipe shop is very scarce. About the only exceptional happening for over four months is the fact that Jimmie Leggett got in on time once; I forgot the exact date.

New song in the repair shop, entitled—"You must bring your own bottle, but we give the stopper free."

Peter Stephson, stock room czar, says: "Beesness is noo sae gude." Lately he only gets five cents for a nickel piece of candy.

Talking about the weather, it has been raining for about three weeks. Everybody seems to be growing web feet.

I notice that our gang of painters wears a white collar, since Mr. Stanhope resigned. He has his other clothes on also.

Watch out for Arthur Veillette when he starts to sing "Bob White."

Dave says his shirt is nobody's business—which seem to be an accurate statement.

Why does Billy Raney go in the corner to eat his peanuts?

Say, d'ye know they ain't doing that right. Who says so? Smiling John King.

I see Morris, our skilled stone-mason, has bought a new Dodge. The old one was so full of dents he couldn't find the doors.

Jack says that he will never tell Sturty anything again.

POSITIVE PROOF

His Mother: "What makes you think Ruth would make an economical wife for you?"

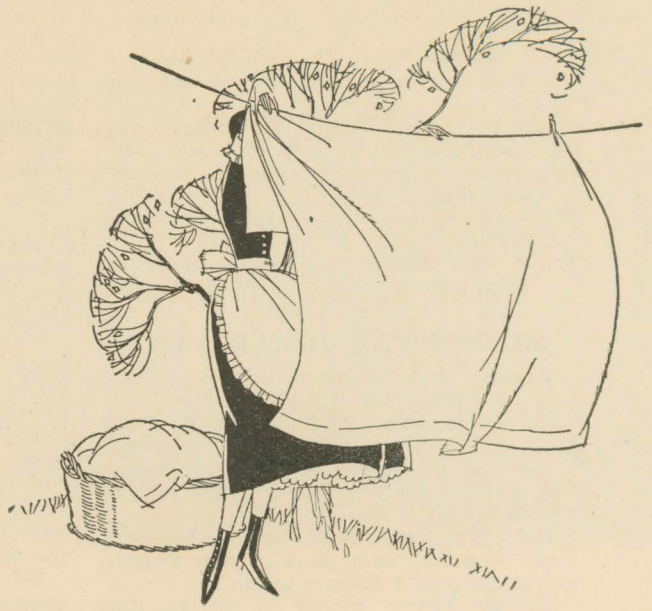
Bob: "She's always thinking of cutting down expenses, extinguishes most of the lights when I call and insists on us occupying only one chair."

She: "Clothes give a man a lot of confidence."

He: "Yes, they certainly do. I go to a lot of places with them that I wouldn't go without them."

G. F. S.

Think of yourself and the doctor won't have to think of you.



How many wash days?

LADY Pepperell sheets and pillow cases actually improve with many washings. For Lady Pepperells are not treated with fillers or chemicals that give an appearance of quality on the store counter but wash away with the first trip to the tubs. Honest cotton fibres soften, not weaken, with repeated washings.

You secure wash day insurance when you purchase sheets and pillow cases with the Lady Pepperell label.

Sewn on the selvage of each Lady Pepperell sheet is a cloth marking tag you can ink with the date of purchase. In later years it will be visible proof of the many, many wash days that have been outlived.

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LADY PEPPERELL SHEETS *are made in Biddeford by a group of men and women who live in Biddeford and know how to make good, honest sheets.*